

TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON

CHARACTER,	POLICE,
CUSTOMS,	COMMERCE,
RELIGION,	ARTS, AND
GOVERNMENT,	ANTIQUITIES.

With a particular DESCRIPTION of the
TOWN, TERRITORY, and CLIMATE
of NICE:

To which is added,

A Register of the Weather, kept during a Residence of Eighteen Months in that City.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

*Ut Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit:
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.*

ENNIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

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L E T T E R X X I I .

Nice, November 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I Had once thoughts of writing a complete natural history of this town and county: but I found myself altogether unequal to the task. I have neither health, strength, nor opportunity, to make proper collections of the mineral, vegetable, and animal productions. I am not much conversant with these branches of natural philosophy. I have no books to direct my inquiries. I can find no person capable of giving me the least information or assistance; and I am strangely puzzled by the barbarous names they give to many different species, the descriptions of which I have read under other appellations; and which, as I have never seen them before, I cannot pretend to distinguish by the eye. You must therefore be contented with such imperfect intelligence as my opportunities can afford.

VOL. II.

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The useful arts practiced at Nice, are these, gardening and agriculture, with their consequences, the making of wine, oil, and cordage; the rearing of silk-worms, with the subsequent management and manufacture of that production; and the fishing, which I have already described.

Nothing can be more unpromising than the natural soil of this territory, except in a very few narrow bottoms, where there is a stiff clay, which, when carefully watered, yields tolerable pasturage. In every other part, the soil consists of a light sand mingled with pebbles, which serves well enough for the culture of vines and olives: but the ground laid out for kitchen herbs, as well as for other fruit, must be manured with great care and attention. They have no black cattle to afford such compost as our farmers use in England. The dung of mules and asses, which are their only beasts of burthen, is of very little value for this purpose; and the natural sterility of their ground requires something highly impregnated with nitre and volatile salts. They have recourse therefore to pigeons' dung and ordure, which fully answer their expectations. Every peasant opens, at one corner of his wall, a public house of office for the reception of passengers; and in the town of Nice, every tenement is provided with one of these receptacles, the contents of which are carefully preserved for sale. The peasant comes with his asses and casks to carry it off before day, and pays for it according to its quality, which he examines and investigates, by the taste and flavour. The jakes of a protestant family, who
eat

eat *gras* every day, bears a much higher price than the privy of a good catholic who lives *maigre* one half of the year. The vaults belonging to the convent of Minims are not worth emptying.

The ground here is not delved with spades as in England, but laboured with a broad, sharp hough, with a short horizontal handle; and the climate is so hot and dry in the summer, that the plants must be watered every morning and evening, especially where it is not shaded by trees. It is surprising to see how the productions of the earth are crowded together. One would imagine they would rob one another of nourishment; and moreover be stifled for want of air; and doubtless this is the case. Olive and other fruit-trees are planted in rows very close to each other. These are connected by vines, and the interstices, between the rows, are filled with corn. The gardens that supply the town with salad and pot-herbs, lye all on the side of Provence, by the highway. They are surrounded with high stone-walls, or ditches, planted with a kind of cane or large reed, which answers many purposes in this country. The leaves of it afford sustenance to the asses, and the canes not only serve as fences to the inclosures; but are used to prop the vines and pease: they are formed into arbours, and wore as walking-staves. All these gardens are watered by little rills that come from the mountains, particularly, by the small branches of the two sources which I have described in a former letter, as issuing from the two sides of a mountain, under the names of *Fontaine de Muraille*, and *Fontaine du Temple*.

In the neighbourhood of Nice, they raise a considerable quantity of hemp, the largest and strongest I ever saw. Part of this, when dressed, is exported to other countries; and part is manufactured into cordage. However profitable it may be to the grower, it is certainly a great nuisance in the summer. When taken out of the pits, where it has been put to rot, the stench it raises is quite insupportable; and must undoubtedly be unwholesome.

There is such a want of land in this neighbourhood, that terraces are built over one another with loose stones, on the faces of bare rocks, and these being covered with earth and manured, are planted with olives, vines, and corn. The same shift was practised all over Palestine, which was rocky and barren, and much more populous than the county of Nice.

Notwithstanding the small extent of this territory, there are some pleasant meadows in the skirts of Nice, that produce excellent clover; and the corn which is sown in open fields, where it has the full benefit of the soil, sun, and air, grows to a surprizing height. I have seen rye seven or eight feet high. All vegetables have a wonderful growth in this climate. Besides wheat, rye, barley, and oats, this country produces a good deal of Meliga, or Turkish wheat, which is what we call Indian corn. I have, in a former letter, observed that the meal of this grain goes by the name *polenta*, and makes excellent hasty-pudding, being very nourishing, and counted an admirable pectoral. The pods and stalks are used for fuel; and the leaves are much

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much preferable to common straw, for making *paillasse*s.

The pease and beans in the garden appear in the winter like beautiful plantations of young trees in blossom; and perfume the air. Myrtle, sweet-briar, sweet-marjoram, sage, thyme, lavender, rosemary, with many other aromatic herbs and flowers, which with us require the most careful cultivation, are here found wild in the mountains.

It is not many years since the Nissards learned the culture of silk-worms, of their neighbours the Piedmontese; and hitherto the progress they have made is not very considerable: the whole county of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thousand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry-leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the silk-worm, are hatched. The grains are washed in wine, and those that swim on the top, are thrown away as good for nothing. The rest being deposited in small bags of linen, are worn by women in their bosoms, until the worms begin to appear: then they are placed in shallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper cut into little holes, through which the worms ascend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry-leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. These boxes are kept for warmth between two mattrasses, and visited every day. Fresh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed successively to the other place prepared

pared for their reception. This is an habitation, consisting of two or three stories, about twenty inches from each other, raised upon four wooden posts. The floors are made of canes, and strewed with fresh mulberry-leaves: the corner posts, and other occasional props, for sustaining the different floors, are covered with a coat of loose heath, which is twisted round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may see them in all the different stages of moulting or casting the slough, a change which they undergo three times successively before they begin to work. The silk-worm is an animal of such acute and delicate sensations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refresh it from time to time with pure air. I have seen them languish and die in scores, in consequence of an accidental bad smell. The soiled leaves and the filth which they necessarily produce, should be carefully shifted every day; and it would not be amiss to purify the air sometimes with fumes of vinegar, rose, or orange-flower water. These niceties, however, are but little observed. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as shrimps in a plate, some feeding on the leaves, some new hatched, some intranced in the agonies of casting their skin, some languishing, and some actually dead, with a litter of half eaten faded leaves about them, in a close room crouded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanliness. I am assured by some persons of credit, that if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamenia, they infallibly expire. This, however, must be understood

understood of those females whose skins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is generally heightened at such periods. The mulberry-leaves used in this country are of the tree which bears a small white fruit not larger than a damascene. They are planted on purpose, and the leaves are sold at so much a pound. By the middle of June all the mulberry-trees are stripped; but new leaves succeed, and in a few weeks, they are cloathed again with fresh verdure. In about ten days after the last moulting, the silk-worm climbs upon the props of his house, and choosing a situation among the heath, begins to spin in a most curious manner, until he is quite inclosed, and the cocon or pod of silk, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains suspended by several filaments. It is not unusual to see double cocoons, spun by two worms included under a common cover. There must be an infinite number of worms to yield any considerable quantity of silk. One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocoons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocoons, if they are rich, gives three pounds of raw silk; that is, twelve pounds of silk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are inclosed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocoons. In preserving the cocoons for breed, you must chuse an equal number of males and females; and these are very easily distinguished by the shape of the cocoons; that which contains the male is sharp, and the other obtuse, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finished, the

worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unweildy, aukward butter-fly, and as the different sexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preserved; but neither she nor her mate takes any nourishment, and in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The silk of these cocons cannot be wound, because the animals in piercing through them, have destroyed the continuity of the filaments. It is therefore, first boiled, and then picked and carded like wool, and being afterwards spun, is used in the coarser stuffs of the silk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield the best silk, are managed in a different manner. Before the inclosed worm has time to penetrate, the silk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but dissolves the glutinous substance by which the fine filaments of the silk cohere or stick together, so that they are easily wound off, without breaking. Six or seven of these small filaments being joined together are passed over a kind of twisting iron, and fixed to the wheel which one girl turns, while another with her hands in the boiling water, disentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and supplies fresh cocons with admirable dexterity and dispatch. There is a manufacture of this kind just without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of these wheels are worked together, and give employment for some weeks to double the number of young women. Those who manage the

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the pods that float in the boiling water must be very alert, otherwise they will scald their fingers. The smell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offensive. Hard by the harbour there is a very curious mill for twisting the silk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice a well regulated hospital for poor orphans of both sexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dressing, dying, spinning and weaving the silk. In the villages of Provence, you see the poor women in the streets spinning raw silk upon distaves: but here the same instrument is only used for spinning hemp and flax; which last, however, is not of the growth of Nice.— But lest I should spin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewell.



L E T T E R XXIII.

Nice, December 19, 1764.

S I R,

IN my last, I gave you a succinct account of the silk-worm, and the management of that curious insect in this country. I shall now proceed to describe the methods of making wine and oil.

The vintage begins in September. The grapes being chosen and carefully picked, are put into a large vat, where they are pressed by a man's naked feet, and the juices drawn

off by a cock below. When no more is procured by this operation, the bruised grapes are put into the press, and yield still more liquor. The juice obtained by this double pressure, being put in casks, with their bungs open, begins to ferment and discharge its impurities at the openings. The waste occasioned by this discharge, is constantly supplied with fresh wine; so that the casks are always full. The fermentation continues for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the strength and vigour of the grape. In about a month, the wine is fit for drinking. When the grapes are of a bad, meagre kind, the wine dealers mix the juice with pigeonsdung or quick-lime, in order to give it a spirit which nature has denied: but this is a very mischievous adulteration.

The process for oil-making is equally simple. The best olives are those that grow wild; but the quantity of them is very inconsiderable. Olives begin to ripen and drop in the beginning of November: but some remain on the trees till February and even till April, and these are counted the most valuable. When the olives are gathered, they must be manufactured immediately, before they fade and grow wrinkled, otherwise they will produce bad oil. They are first of all ground into a paste by a mill-stone set edge-ways in a circular stone-trough, and turned by water. This paste is put into circular cases made of grass woven, having a round hole at top and bottom; when filled they resemble in shape our Cheshire cheeses. A number of these placed one upon another, are put in a press, and being squeezed, the oil with all its impurities,

purities, runs into a receptacle below fixed in the ground. From hence it is laded into a wooden vat, half filled with water. The *sordes* or dirt falls to the bottom; the oil swims a-top; and being skimmed off, is barrell'd up in small oblong casks. What remains in the vat, is thrown into a large stone cistern with water, and after being often stirred and standing twelve or fourteen days, yields a coarser oil used for lamps and manufactures. After these processes, they extract an oil still more coarse and fetid from the refuse of the whole. Sometimes, in order to make the olives grind the more easily into a paste, and part with more oil, they are mixed with a little hot water: but the oil thus procured is apt to grow rancid. The very finest, called virgin oil, is made chiefly of green olives, and sold at a very high price, because a great quantity is required to produce a very little oil. Even the stuff that is left after all these operations, consisting of the dried pulp, is sold for fuel, and used in *brasieres* for warming apartments which have no chimney.

I have now specified all the manufactures of Nice which are worth mentioning. True it is, there is some coarse paper made in this neighbourhood; there are also people here who dress skins and make leather for the use of the inhabitants: but this business is very ill performed: the gloves and shoes are generally rotten as they come from the hands of the maker. Carpenter's, joiner's, and black-smith's work is very coarsely and clumsily done. There are no chairs to be had at Nice, but crazy things made of a few sticks, with rush bottoms, which are sold for
twelve

twelve livres a dozen. Nothing can be more contemptible than the hard-ware made in this place, such as knives, scissars and candle snuffers. All utensils in brass and copper are very ill made and finished. The silver-smiths make nothing but spoons, forks, paultry rings, and crosses for the necks of the women.

The houses are built of a ragged stone dug from the mountains, and the interstices are filled with rubble ; so that the walls would appear very ugly, if they were not covered with plaister, which has a good effect. They generally consist of three stories, and are covered with tiles. The apartments of the better sort are large and lofty, the floors paved with brick, the roofs covered with a thick coat of stucco, and the walls white-washed. People of distinction hang their chambers with damask, striped silk, painted cloths, tapestry, or printed linen. All the doors, as well as the windows, consist of folding leaves. As there is no wainscot in the rooms, which are divided by stone partitions, and the floors and ceiling are covered with brick and stucco, fires are of much less dreadful consequences here than in our country. Wainscot would afford harbour for bugs : besides, white walls have a better effect in this hot climate. The beds commonly used in this place, and all over Italy, consist of a *pailasse*, with one or two mattrasses, laid upon planks, supported by two wooden benches. Instead of curtains there is a *couzinere* or mosquito net, made of a kind of gauze, that opens and contracts occasionally, and incloses the place where you lie :

lie : persons of condition, however, have also bedsteads and curtains ; but these last are never used in the summer.

In these countries, people of all ranks dine exactly at noon ; and this is the time I seize in winter, for making my daily tour of the streets and ramparts, which at all other hours of the day are crowded with men, women, children and beasts of burthen. The rampart is the common road for carriages of all kinds. I think there are two private coaches in Nice, besides that of the commandant : but there are sedan chairs, which may be had at a reasonable rate. When I bathed in the summer, I paid thirty sols, equal to eighteen-pence, for being carried to and from the bathing place, which was a mile from my own house. Now I am speaking of bathing, it may not be amiss to inform you that though there is a fine open beach, extending several miles to the westward of Nice, those who cannot swim ought to bathe with great precaution, as the sea is very deep, and the descent very abrupt from within a yard or two of the water's edge. The people here were much surprised when I began to bathe in the beginning of May. They thought it very strange, that a man seemingly consumptive should plunge into the sea, especially when the weather was so cold ; and some of the doctors prognosticated immediate death. But, when it was perceived that I grew better in consequence of the bath, some of the Swiss officers tried the same experiment, and in a few days, our example was followed by several inhabitants of Nice. There is, however, no convenience for this operation,

operation, from the benefit of which the fair sex must be entirely excluded, unless they lay aside all regard to decorum; for the shore is always lined with fishing boats, and crouded with people. If a lady should be at the expence of having a tent pitched on the beach where she might put on and off her bathing-dress, she could not pretend to go into the sea without proper attendants; nor could she possibly plunge headlong into the water, which is the most effectual, and least dangerous way of bathing. All that she can do is to have the seawater brought into her house, and make use of a bathing tub, which may be made according to her own, or physician's direction.

What further I have to say of this climate and country, you shall have in my next; and then you will be released from a subject, which I am afraid has been but too circumstantially handled by,

Sir,

Your very humble servant.



L E T T E R XXIV.

Nice, January 4, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE constitution of this climate may be pretty well ascertained, from the inclosed register of the weather, which I kept with all possible care and attention. From a perusal of it, you will see that there is less rain and wind

wind at Nice, than in any other part of the world that I know; and such is the serenity of the air, that you see nothing above your head for several months together, but a charming blue expanse, without cloud or speck. Whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the sea, they seldom or never hover over this small territory; but, in all probability, are attracted by the mountains that surround it, and there fall in rain or snow: as for those that gather from other quarters, I suppose their progress hitherward is obstructed by those very Alps which rise one over another, to an extent of many leagues. This air being dry, pure, heavy, and elastic, must be agreeable to the constitution of those who labour under disorders arising from weak nerves, obstructed perspiration, relaxed fibres, a viscosity of lymph, and a languid circulation. In other respects, it encourages the scurvy, the atmosphere being undoubtedly impregnated with sea-salt. Ever since my arrival at Nice, I have had a scorbutical eruption on my right hand, which diminishes and encreases according to the state of my health. One day last summer, when there was a strong breeze from the sea, the surface of our bodies was covered with a salt brine, very perceptible to the taste, my gums, as well as those of another person in my family, began to swell, and grow painful, though this had never happened before; and I was seized with violent pains in the joints of my knees. I was then at a Country-house fronting the sea, and particularly exposed to the marine air. The swelling of our gums subsided as the wind fell: but what was
very

very remarkable, the scurvy-spot on my hand disappeared, and did not return for a whole month. It is affirmed, that sea-salt will dissolve, and render the blood so fluid, that it will exude through the coats of the vessels. Perhaps the sea-scurvy is a partial dissolution of it, by that mineral absorbed from the air by the lymphatics on the surface of the body, and by those of the lungs in respiration. Certain it is, in the last stages of the sea-scurvy, the blood often bursts from the pores; and this phenomenon is imputed to a high degree of putrefaction: sure enough it is attended with putrefaction. We know that a certain quantity of salt is required to preserve the animal juices from growing putrid: but, how a greater quantity should produce putrefaction, I leave to wiser heads to explain. Many people here have scorbutical complaints, though their teeth are not affected. They are subject to eruptions on the skin, putrid gums, pains in the bones, lassitude, indigestion, and low spirits; but the reigning distemper is a *marasmus*, or consumption, which proceeds gradually, without any pulmonary complaint, the complexion growing more and more florid, 'till the very last scene of the tragedy. This I would impute to the effects of a very dry, saline atmosphere, upon a thin habit, in which there is an extraordinary waste by perspiration. The air is remarkably salt in this district, because the mountains that hem it in, prevent its communication with the circumambient atmosphere, in which the saline particles would otherwise be diffused; and there is no rain, nor dew, to precipitate or dissolve them.

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Such an air as I have described, should have no bad effect upon a moist, phlegmatic constitution, such as mine; and yet it must be owned, I have been visibly wasting since I came hither, though this decay I considered as the progress of the *tabes* which began in England. But the air of Nice has had a still more sensible effect upon Mr. Sch—z, who laboured under nervous complaints to such a degree, that his life was a burthen to him. He had also a fixed pain in his breast, for which complaint he had formerly tried the air of Naples, where he resided some considerable time, and in a great measure recovered: but, this returning with weakness, faintness, low spirits, and entire loss of appetite, he was advised to come hither; and the success of his journey has greatly exceeded his expectation. Though the weather has been remarkably bad for this climate, he has enjoyed perfect health. Since he arrived at Nice, the pain in his breast vanished; he eats heartily, sleeps well, is in high spirits, and so strong, that he is never off his legs in the day-time. He can walk to the Var, and back again, before dinner; and he has climbed to the tops of all the mountains in this neighbourhood. I never saw before such sudden and happy effects from the change of air. I must also acknowledge, that ever since my arrival at Nice, I have breathed more freely than I had done for some years, and my spirits have been more alert. The father of my *æconome*, who was a dancing-master, had been so afflicted with an asthmatic disorder, that he could not live in France, Spain, or Italy; but found the air of Nice so agreeable to his lungs, that
he

he was enabled to exercise his profession for above twenty years, and died last spring turned of seventy. Another advantage I have reaped from this climate, is my being, in a great measure, delivered from a slow fever which used to hang about me, and render life a burthen. Neither am I so apt to catch cold as I used to be in England and France; and the colds I do catch are not of the same continuance and consequence, as those to which I was formerly subject. The air of Nice is so dry, that in summer, and even in winter, (except in wet weather) you may pass the evening, and indeed the whole night *sub Dio*, without feeling the least dew or moisture; and as for fogs, they are never seen in this district. In summer, the air is cooled by a regular sea-breeze blowing from the east, like that of the West-Indies. It begins in the forenoon, and increases with the heat of the day. It dies away about six or seven; and immediately after sun-set, is succeeded by an agreeable land-breeze from the mountains. The sea-breeze from the eastward, however, is not so constant here, as in the West-Indies between the tropics, because the sun, which produces it, is not so powerful. This country lies nearer the region of variable winds, and is surrounded by mountains, capes and straights, which often influence the constitution and current of the air. About the winter solstice, the people of Nice expect wind and rain, which generally lasts, with intervals, 'till the beginning of February: but even during this, their worst weather, the sun breaks out occasionally, and you may take the air either
a-foot

a-foot or on horseback every day; for the moisture is immediately absorbed by the earth, which is naturally dry. They likewise lay their account with being visited by showers of rain and gusts of wind in April. A week's rain in the middle of August makes them happy. It not only refreshes the parched ground, and plumps up the grapes and other fruit, but it cools the air and assuages the heats, which then begin to grow very troublesome; but the rainy season is about the autumnal equinox, or rather something later. It continues about twelve days or a fortnight, and is extremely welcome to the natives of this country. This rainy season is often delayed 'till the latter end of November, and sometimes 'till the month of December; in which case, the rest of the winter is generally dry. The heavy rains in this country generally come with a south-west wind, which was the *creberque procellis Africus* of the antients. It is here called *Lebeche*, a corruption of *Lybycus*: it generally blows high for a day or two, and rolls the Mediterranean before it in huge waves, that often enter the town of Nice. It likewise drives before it all the clouds which had been formed above the surface of the Mediterranean. These being expended in rain, fair weather naturally ensues. For this reason, the Nissards observe *le lebeche raccommode le tems*. During the rains of this season, however, the winds have been variable. From the sixteenth of November, 'till the fourth of January, we have had two and twenty days of heavy rain: a very extraordinary visitation in this country: but the seasons seem to be more irregular than

than formerly, all over Europe. In the month of July, the mercury in Farenheit's thermometer, rose to eighty-four at Rome; the highest degree at which it was ever known in that country; and the very next day, the Sabine mountains were covered with snow. The same phænomenon happened on the eleventh of August, and the thirtieth of September. The consequence of these sudden variations of weather, was this: putrid fevers were less frequent than usual; but the sudden check of perspiration from the cold, produced colds, inflammatory sore throats, and the rheumatism. I know instances of some English valetudinarians, who have passed the winter at Aix, on the supposition that there was little or no difference between that air and the climate of Nice: but this is a very great mistake, which may be attended with fatal consequences. Aix is altogether exposed to the north and north-west winds, which blow as cold in Provence, as ever I felt them on the mountains of Scotland: whereas Nice is entirely screened from these winds by the Maritime Alps, which form an amphitheatre, to the land-side, around this little territory: but another incontestable proof of the mildness of this climate, is deduced from the oranges, lemons, citrons, roses, narcissus's, july-flowers, and jonquils, which ripen and blow in the middle of winter. I have described the agreeable side of this climate; and now I will point out its inconveniences. In the winter, but especially in the spring, the sun is so hot, that one can hardly take exercise of any sort abroad, without being thrown into a breathing sweat; and the
wind

wind at this season is so cold and piercing, that it often produces a mischievous effect on the pores thus opened. If the heat rarifies the blood and juices, while the cold air constricts the fibres, and obstructs the perspiration, inflammatory disorders must ensue. Accordingly, the people are then subject to colds, pleurisies, peripneumonies, and ardent fevers. An old count advised me to stay within doors in March, *car alors les humeurs commencent a se remuer*. During the heats of summer, some few persons of gross habits have, in consequence of violent exercise and excess, been seized with putrid fevers, attended with exanthemata, erisipelatous, and miliary eruptions, which commonly prove fatal: but the people in general are healthy, even those that take very little exercise: a strong presumption in favour of the climate! As to medicine, I know nothing of the practice of the Nice physicians. Here are eleven in all; but four or five make shift to live by the profession. They receive, by way of fee, ten sols (an English six-pence) a visit, and this but ill paid; so you may guess whether they are in a condition to support the dignity of physic; and whether any man, of a liberal education, would bury himself at Nice on such terms. I am acquainted with an Italian physician settled at Villa Franca, a very good sort of a man, who practises for a certain salary, raised by annual contribution among the better sort of people; and an allowance from the king, for visiting the sick belonging to the garrison and the gallies. The whole may amount to near thirty pounds.

Among the inconveniencies of this climate,
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the vermin form no inconsiderable article. Vipers and snakes are found in the mountains. Our gardens swarm with lizards; and there are some few scorpions; but as yet I have seen but one of this species. In summer, notwithstanding all the care and precautions we can take, we are pestered with incredible swarms of flies, fleas, and bugs; but the gnats, or *couzins*, are more intolerable than all the rest. In the day-time, it is impossible to keep the flies out of your mouth, nostrils, eyes, and ears. They croud into your milk, tea, chocolate, soup, wine, and water: they soil your sugar, contaminate your victuals, and devour your fruit; they cover and defile your furniture, floors, ceilings, and indeed your whole body. As soon as candles are lighted, the *couzins* begin to buz about your ears in myriads, and torment you with their stings, so that you have no rest nor respite 'till you get into bed, where you are secured by your musquito-net. This inclosure is very disagreeable in hot weather; and very inconvenient to those, who, like me are subject to a cough and spitting. It is moreover ineffectual; for some of those cursed insects insinuate themselves within it, almost every night; and half a dozen of them are sufficient to disturb you 'till morning. This is a plague that continues all the year; but in summer it is intolerable. During this season, likewise, the moths are so mischievous, that it requires the utmost care to preserve woollen cloths from being destroyed. From the month of May, 'till the beginning of October, the heat is so violent, that you cannot stir abroad after six in the morning

'till

'till eight at night, so that you are entirely deprived of the benefit of exercise. There is no shaded walk in, or near the town; and there is neither coach nor chaise to hire, unless you travel post. Indeed, there is no road fit for any wheel carriage, but the common highway to the Var, in which you are scorched by the reflection of the sun from the sand and stones, and at the same time half stifled with dust. If you ride out in the cool of the evening, you will have the disadvantage of returning in the dark.

Among the demerits of Nice, I must also mention the water which is used in the city. It is drawn from wells; and for the most part so hard, that it curdles with soap. There are many fountains and streams in the neighbourhood, that afford excellent water, which, at no great charge, might be conveyed into the town, so as to form conduits in all the public streets: but the inhabitants are either destitute of public spirit, or cannot afford the expence. I have a draw-well in my porch, and another in my garden, which supply tolerable water for culinary uses; but what we drink, is fetched from a well belonging to a convent of Dominicans in this neighbourhood. Our linen is washed in the river Paglion; and when that is dry, in the brook called Limpia, which runs into the harbour.

In mentioning the water of this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit the baths of Rocabillare, a small town among the mountains, about five and twenty miles from Nice. There are three sources, each warmer than the other; the warmest being nearly equal to the heat of the king's bath at Bath in Somersetshire, as
far

far as I can judge from information. I have perused a Latin manuscript, which treats of these baths at Rocabiliare, written by the duke of Savoy's first physician about sixty years ago. He talks much of the sulphur and the nitre which they contain; but I apprehend their efficacy is owing to the same volatile vitriolic principle, which characterises the waters at Bath. They are attenuating and deobstruent, consequently of service in disorders rising from a languid circulation, a viscosity of the juices, a lax fibre, and obstructed viscera. The road from hence to Rocabiliare is in some parts very dangerous, lying along the brink of precipices, impassable to any other carriage but a mule. The town itself affords bad lodging and accommodation, and little or no society. The waters are at the distance of a mile and a half from the town: there are no baths nor shelter, nor any sort of convenience for those that drink them; and the best part of their efficacy is lost, unless they are drank at the fountain-head. If these objections were in some measure removed, I would advise valetudinarians, who come hither for the benefit of this climate, to pass the heats of summer at Rocabiliare, which being situated among mountains, enjoys a cool temperate air all the summer. This would be a salutary respite from the salt air of Nice, to those who labour under scorbutical complaints; and they would return with fresh vigour and spirits, to pass the winter in this place, where no severity of weather is known. Last June, when I found myself so ill at my *cassine*, I had determined to go to Rocabiliare, and even to erect a hut at the spring, for my own

L E T T E R XXV. 25

own convenience. A gentleman of Nice undertook to procure me a tolerable lodging in the house of the curé, who was his relation. He assured me, there was no want of fresh butter, good poultry, excellent veal, and delicate trout; and that the articles of living might be had at Rocabiliare for half the price we paid at Nice: but finding myself grow better immediately on my return from the *cassine* to my own house, I would not put myself to the trouble and expence of a further removal.

I think I have now communicated all the particulars relating to Nice, that are worth knowing; and perhaps many more than you desired to know: but, in such cases, I would rather be thought prolix and unentertaining, than deficient in that regard and attention with which I am very sincerely,

Your friend and servant.



L E T T E R XXV.

Nice, January 1, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT was in deference to your opinion, reinforced by my own inclination, and the repeated advice of other friends, that I resolved upon my late excursion to Italy. I could plainly perceive from the anxious solicitude, and pressing exhortations contained in all the letters I had lately received from my corre-

spondents in Britain, that you had all despaired of my recovery. You advised me to make a pilgrimage among the Alps, and the advice was good. In scrambling among those mountains, I should have benefited by the exercise, and at the same time have breathed a cool, pure, salubrious air, which, in all probability, would have expelled the slow fever arising in a great measure from the heat of this climate. But, I wanted a companion and fellow-traveller, whose conversation and society could alleviate the horrors of solitude. Besides, I was not strong enough to encounter the want of conveniences, and even of necessaries to which I must have been exposed in the course of such an expedition. My worthy friend Dr. A—— earnestly intreated me to try the effect of a sea-voyage, which you know has been found of wonderful efficacy in consumptive cases. After some deliberation, I resolved upon the scheme, which I have now happily executed. I had a most eager curiosity to see the antiquities of Florence and Rome: I longed impatiently to view those wonderful edifices, statues, and pictures which I had so often admired in prints and descriptions. I felt an enthusiastic ardor to tread that very classical ground which had been the scene of so many great achievements; and I could not bear the thought of returning to England from the very skirts of Italy without having penetrated to the capital of that renowned country. With regard to my health, I knew I could manage matters so as to enjoy all the benefits that could be expected from the united energy of a voyage by sea, a journey by land, and a change of climate.

Rome

Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles distant from Nice, and one half of the way I was resolv'd to travel by water. Indeed there is no other way of going from thence to Genoa, unless you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the risque of breaking your neck every minute. The Appenine mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the maritime Alps, form an almost continued precipice from Villefranche to Lerici, which is almost forty-five miles on the other side of Genoa; and as they are generally washed by the sea, there is no beach or shore, consequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain small intervals, which are occupied by towns and villages. But, as there is a road for mules and foot passengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved so as to render it practicable by chaises and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted, which in a little time would defray the expence: for certainly no person who travels to Italy, from England, Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troublesome circuit to pass the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going post by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the side of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the sea affords the most agreeable and amazing prospect I ever beheld. What pity it is, they cannot restore the celebrated *Via Aurelia*, mentioned in the Itinerarium of Antoninus, which extended from Rome by the way of Genoa, and through this country as far as Arles upon the

Rhone. It was said to have been made by the emperor Marcus Aurelius; and some of the vestiges of it are still to be seen in Provence. The truth is, the nobility of Genoa, who are all merchants, from a low, selfish, and absurd policy, take all methods to keep their subjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view, they carefully avoid all steps towards rendering that country accessible by land; and at the same time discourage their trade by sea, lest it should interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themselves are personally concerned.

Those who either will not or cannot bear the sea, and are equally averse to riding, may be carried in a common chair, provided with a foot-board, on mens shoulders: this is the way of travelling practised by the ladies of Nice, in crossing the mountains to Turin; but it is very tedious and expensive, as the men must be often relieved.

The most agreeable carriage from hence to Genoa, is a felucca, or open boat, rowed by ten or twelve stout mariners. Though none of these boats belong to Nice, they are to be found every day in our harbour, waiting for a fare to Genoa; and they are seen passing and repassing continually, with merchandize or passengers, between Marseilles, Antibes, and the Genoese territories. A felucca is large enough to take in a post-chaise; and there is a tilt over the stern sheets, where the passengers sit, to protect them from the rain: between the seats one person may lie commodiously upon a mattrafs, which is commonly supplied by the patron. A man in good health

health may put up with any thing ; but I would advise every valetudinarian who travels this way, to provide his own chaise, mattrass, and bed-linen, otherwise he will pass his time very uncomfortably. If you go as a simple passenger in a felucca, you pay about a louis^d or for your place, and you must be entirely under the direction of the patron, who while he can bear the sea, will prosecute his voyage by night as well as by day, and expose you to many other inconveniencies : but for eight sequines, or four louis^dors, you can have a whole felucca to yourself, from Nice to Genoa, and the master shall be obliged to put a shore every evening. If you would have it still more at your command, you may hire it at so much per day ; and, in that case, go on shore as often, and stay as long as you please. This is the method I should take, were I to make the voyage again ; for I am persuaded I should find it very near as cheap, and much more agreeable than any other.

The distance between this place and Genoa, when measured on the carte, does not exceed ninety miles : but the people of the feluccas insist upon its being one hundred and twenty. If they creep along shore round the bottoms of all the bays, this computation may be true : but, except when the sea is rough, they stretch directly from one head-land to another, and even when the wind is contrary, provided the gale is not fresh, they perform the voyage in two days and a half, by dint of rowing : when the wind is favourable, they will sail it easily in fourteen hours.

A man, who has nothing but expedition in view, may go with the courier who has always

a light boat well manned, and will be glad to accommodate a traveller for a reasonable gratification. I know an English gentleman who always travels with the courier in Italy, both by sea and land. In posting by land, he is always sure of having part of a good calash, and the best horses that can be found; and as the expence of both is defrayed by the public, it costs him nothing but a present to his companion, which does not amount to one fourth part of the expence he would incur by travelling alone. These opportunities may be had every week in all the towns of Italy.

For my own part I hired a gondola from hence to Genoa. This is a boat smaller than a felucca, rowed by four men, and steered by the patron; but the price was nine zequines, rather more than I should have paid for a felucca of ten oars. I was assured that being very light, it would make great way; and the master was particularly recommended to me, as an honest man and an able mariner. I was accompanied in this voyage by my wife and Miss C—, together with one Mr. R—, a native of Nice, whom I treated with the jaunt, in hopes that as he was acquainted with the customs of the country, and the different ways of travelling in it, he would save us much trouble, and some expence: but I was much disappointed. Some persons at Nice offered to lay wagers that he would return by himself from Italy; but they were also disappointed.

We embarked in the beginning of September, attended by one servant. The heats, which render travelling dangerous in Italy, begin to abate at this season. The weather was extremely agreeable; and if I had postponed my voyage

a little longer, I foresaw that I should not be able to return before winter ; in which case I might have found the sea too rough, and the weather too cold for a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five miles in an open boat.

Having therefore provided myself with a proper pass, signed and sealed by our consul, as well as with letters of recommendation from him to the English consuls at Genoa and Leghorn, a precaution which I would advise all travellers to take, in case of meeting with accidents on the road, we went on board about ten in the morning, stopped about half an hour at a friend's country-house in the bay of St. Hospice, and about noon entered the harbour of Monaco, where the patron was obliged to pay toll, according to the regulation which I have explained in a former letter. This small town, containing about eight or nine hundred souls, besides the garrison, is built on a rock which projects into the sea, and makes a very romantic appearance. The prince's palace stands in the most conspicuous part, with a walk of trees before it. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and adorned with some good pictures. The fortifications are in good repair, and the place is garrisoned by two French battalions. The present prince of Monaco is a Frenchman, son of the duke de Matignon, who married the heiress of Monaco, whose name was Grimaldi. The harbour is well sheltered from the wind ; but has not water sufficient to admit vessels of any great burthen. Towards the north, the king of Sardinia's territories extend to within a mile of the gate ; but the prince of Monaco can go upon
his

his own ground along shore about five or six miles to the eastward, as far as Menton, another small town which also belongs to him, and is situated on the sea-side. His revenues are computed at a million of French livres, amounting to something more than forty thousand pounds sterling: but, the principality of Monaco, consisting of three small towns, and an inconsiderable tract of barren rock, is not worth above seven thousand a year; the rest arises from his French estate. This consists partly of the dutchy of Matignon, and partly of the dutchy of Valentinois, which last was given to the ancestors of this prince of Monaco, in the year 1640, by the French king, to make up the loss of some lands in the kingdom of Naples, which were confiscated when he expelled the Spanish garrison from Monaco, and threw himself into the arms of France; so that he is duke of Valentinois as well as of Matignon, in that kingdom.

He lives almost constantly in France; and has taken the name and arms of Grimaldi.

The Genoese territories begin at Ventimiglia, another town lying on the coast, at the distance of twenty miles from Nice, a circumstance from which it borrows the name. Having passed the towns of Monaco, Menton, Ventimiglia, and several other places of less consequence that lie along this coast, we turned the point of St. Martin with a favourable breeze, and might have proceeded twenty miles further before night: but the women began to be sick, as well as afraid at the roughness of the water; Mr. R—— was so discomposed, that he privately desired the patron to put ashore at St. Remo, on pretence that we should

should not find a tolerable auberge in any other place between this and Noli, which was at the distance of forty miles. We accordingly landed, and were conducted to the poste, which our gondeliere assured us was the best auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We ascended by a dark, narrow, steep stair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, so dirty and miserable, that it would disgrace the worst hedge ale-house in England. Not a soul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one must not expect to meet with in France; far less in Italy. Our patron going into the kitchen, asked a servant if the company could have lodging in the house; and was answered, "he could not tell: the patron was not at home." When he desired to know where the patron was, the other answered, "he was gone to take the air." *E andato a passeggiare.* In the mean time, we were obliged to sit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to understand, that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay, there was just room for two beds, without curtains or bedstead, an old rotten table covered with dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-washed; but were now hung with cobwebs, and speckled with dirt of all sorts; and I believe the brick-floor had not been swept for half a century. We supped in an outward room suitable in all respects to the chamber, and fared villainously. The provision was very ill-dressed, and served up in the most slovenly manner. You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in

this country. For this accommodation I payed as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy.

Next day, the wind was so high that we could not prosecute our voyage, so that we were obliged to pass other four and twenty hours in this comfortable situation. Luckily Mr. R— found two acquaintances in the place; one a Franciscan monk, a jolly fellow; and the other a *maestro di capella*, who sent a spinnet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accomplishments he excelled. The padre was very good humoured, and favoured us with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his, a professor in the university of Pisa. You would laugh to see the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble servant; but Italy is the native country of hyperbole.

St. Remo is a pretty considerable town, well-built upon the declivity of a gently rising hill, and has a harbour capable of receiving small vessels, a good number of which are built upon the beach: but ships of any burden are obliged to anchor in the bay, which is far from being secure. The people of St. Remo form a small republic, which is subject to Genoa. They enjoyed particular privileges, till the year 1753, when in consequence of a new gabelle upon salt, they revolted: but this effort in behalf of liberty did not succeed. They were soon reduced by the Genoese, who deprived them of all their privileges, and built a fort by the sea-side, which serves the double purpose of defending the harbour and over-awing the town.

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The garrison at present does not exceed two hundred men. The inhabitants are said to have lately sent a deputation to Ratisbon, to crave the protection of the diet of the empire. There is very little plain ground in this neighbourhood; but the hills are covered with oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and olives, which produce a considerable traffic in fine fruit and excellent oil. The women of St. Remo are much more handsome and better tempered than those of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open ingenuous countenances. Their dress, though remarkable, I cannot describe; but upon the whole, they put me in mind of some portraits I have seen representing the females of Georgia and Mingrelia.

On the third day, the wind being abated, though still unfavourable, we reembarked and rowed along shore, passing by Porto-mauricio, and Oneglia; then turning the promontory called Capo di Melle, we proceeded by Albenga, Finale, and many other places of inferior note. Porto-mauricio is seated on a rock washed by the sea, but indifferently fortified, with an inconsiderable harbour, which none but very small vessels can enter. About two miles to the eastward is Oneglia, a small town with some fortifications, lying along the open beach, and belonging to the king of Sardinia. This small territory abounds with olive-trees, which produce a considerable quantity of oil, counted the best of the whole Riviera. Albenga, is a small town, the see of a bishop, suffragan to the archbishop of Genoa. It lies upon the sea, and the country produces a great quantity of hemp. Finale is
the

the capital of a marquisate belonging to the Genoese, which has been the source of much trouble to the republic; and indeed was the sole cause of their rupture with the king of Sardinia and the house of Austria in the year 1745. The town is pretty well built; but the harbour is shallow, open, and unsafe: nevertheless, they build a good number of tartans and other vessels on the beach; and the neighbouring country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with those excellent apples called *pomi carli*, which I have mentioned in a former letter.

In the evening we reached the Capo di Noli, counted very dangerous in blowing weather. It is a very high perpendicular rock or mountain washed by the sea, which has eaten into it in divers places, so as to form a great number of caverns. It extends about a couple of miles, and in some parts is indented into little creeks or bays, where there is a narrow margin of sandy beach between it and the water. When the wind is high, no felucca will attempt to pass it; even in a moderate breeze, the waves dashing against the rocks and caverns, which echo with the sound make such an awful noise, and at the same time occasion such a rough sea, as one cannot hear, and see, and feel, without a secret horror.

On this side of the Cape, there is a beautiful strand cultivated like a garden; the plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interspersed with villages, castles, churches, and villas. Indeed the whole Riviera is ornamented in the same manner, except in such places as admit of no building nor cultivation.

Having

Having passed the Cape, we followed the winding of the coast, into a small bay, and arrived at the town of Noli, where we proposed to pass the night. You will be surprized that we did not go ashore sooner, in order to take some refreshment; but the truth is, we had a provision of ham, tongues, roasted pullets, cheese, bread, wine, and fruit in the selucca, where we every day enjoyed a slight repast about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. This I mention as a necessary piece of information to those who may be inclined to follow the same route. We likewise found it convenient to lay in store of *l'eau de vie*, or brandy, for the use of the rowers, who always expect to share your comforts. On a meagre day, however, those ragamuffins will rather die of hunger than suffer the least morsel of flesh-meat to enter their mouths. I have frequently tried the experiment, by pressing them to eat something *gras*, on a Friday or Saturday: but they always declined it with marks of abhorrence, crying, *Dio me ne libere!* God deliver me from it! or some other words to that effect. I moreover observed, that not one of those fellows ever swore an oath, or spoke an indecent word. They would by no means put to sea, of a morning, before they had heard mass; and when the wind was unfavourable, they always set out with a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, or St. Elmo, keeping time with their oars as they sung. I have indeed remarked all over this country, that a man who transgresses the institutions of the church in these small matters, is much more infamous than one who has committed the most flagrant crimes

crimes against nature and morality. A murderer, adulterer, or f—m—te, will obtain easy absolution from the church, and even find favour with society; but a man who eats a pigeon on a Saturday, without express licence, is avoided and abhorred, as a monster of reprobation. I have conversed with several intelligent persons on the subject; and have reason to believe, that a delinquent of this sort is considered as a lukewarm catholic, little better than a heretic; and of all crimes they look upon heresy as the most damnable.

Noli is a small republic of fishermen subject to Genoa; but very tenacious of their privileges. The town stands on the beach, tolerably well built, defended by a castle situate on a rock above it; and the harbour is of little consequence. The auberge was such as made us regret even the inn we had left at St. Remo. After a very odd kind of supper, which I cannot pretend to describe, we retired to our repose: but I had not been in bed five minutes, when I felt something crawling on different parts of my body, and taking a light to examine, perceived above a dozen large bugs. You must know I have the same kind of antipathy to these vermin, that some persons have to a cat or breast of veal. I started up immediately, and wrapping myself in a great coat, sick as I was, lay down in the outer room upon a chest, where I continued till morning.

One would imagine that in a mountainous country like this, there should be plenty of goats; and indeed, we saw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks, yet we could not procure half

a pint of milk for our tea, if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of using milk, and when you ask them for it, they stand gaping with a foolish face of surprise, which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that instinct does not teach the peasants to feed their children with goats milk, so much more nourishing and agreeable than the wretched sustenance on which they live. Next day we rowed by Vado and Savona, which last is a large town, with a strong citadel, and a harbour, which was formerly capable of receiving large ships: but it fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of the Genoese, who have partly choaked it up, on pretence that it should not afford shelter to the ships of war belonging to those states which might be at enmity with the republic.

Then we passed Albisola, Sestri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and a great number of villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoese nobility, which form almost a continued chain of buildings along the strand for thirty miles.

About five in the afternoon, we skirted the fine suburbs of St. Petro D'arena, and arrived at Genoa, which makes a dazzling appearance when viewed from the sea, rising like an amphitheatre in a circular form, from the water's edge, a considerable way up the mountains, and surrounded on the land side by a double wall, the most exterior of which is said to extend fifteen miles in circuit. The first object that strikes your eye at a distance, is a very elegant pharos, or light-house, built on the projection of a rock on the west side of the harbour, so very high, that,

that, in a clear day, you may see it at the distance of thirty miles. Turning the light-house point, you find yourself close to the mole, which forms the harbour of Genoa. It is built at a great expence from each side of the bay, so as to form in the sea two long magnificent jettés, which if continued, would meet. At the extremity of each is another smaller lanthorn. These moles are both provided with brass-cannon, and between them is the entrance into the harbour. But this is still so wide as to admit a great sea, which, when the wind blows hard from south and south west, is very troublesome to the shipping. Within the mole there is a smaller harbour or wet dock, called *Darsena*, for the galleys of the republic. We passed through a considerable number of ships and vessels lying at anchor, and landing at the water-gate, repaired to an inn called *La Croix de Malthe*, in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Here we met with such good entertainment as prepossessed us in favour of the interior parts of Italy, and contributed with other motives to detain us some days in this city. But, I have detained you so long, that I believe you wish I may proceed no farther; and therefore I take my leave for the present, being very sincerely,

Yours.

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L E T T E R XXVI.

Nice, January 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT is not without reason that Genoa is called *La superba*. The city itself is very stately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth: but, in general, their fortunes are very small. My friend Mr. R—— assured me that many Genoese noblemen had fortunes of half a million of livres *per annum*: but the truth is, the whole revenue of the state does not exceed this sum; and the livre of Genoa is but about nine pence sterling. There are about half a dozen of their nobles who have ten thousand a year: but the majority have not above a twentieth part of that sum. They live with great parsimony in their families; and wear nothing but black in public; so that their expences are but small. If a Genoese nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is said to live upon the fragments all the rest of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his son, who ordered a dish of fish that cost a zechine, which is equal to about ten shillings sterling. The old gentleman no sooner saw it appear on the table, than, unable to suppress his concern, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, *Ab Figliuolo indegno! Siamo in Rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*

think

I think the pride or ostentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry suits of cloaths, or in furnishing a magnificent *repas* of fifty or a hundred dishes, one half of which are not eatable, nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*; his dishes to the dogs, and himself to the devil, and after his decease no vestige of him remains. A Genoese, on the other hand, keeps himself and his family at short allowance, that he may save money to build palaces and churches, which remain to after-ages so many monuments of his taste, piety, and munificence; and in the mean time give employment and bread to the poor and industrious. There are some Genoese nobles who have each five or six elegant palaces magnificently furnished, either in the city, or in different parts of the Riviera. The two streets called *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains: but their being painted on the outside has, in my opinion, a poor effect.

The commerce of this city is, at present, not very considerable; yet it has the face of business. The streets are crowded with people; the shops are well furnished; and the markets abound with all sorts of excellent provision. The wine made in this neighbourhood is, however, very indifferent; and all that is consumed must be bought at the public cantinre, where it is sold for the benefit of the state. Their bread is the whitest and the best I have tasted any where; and the

the beef, which they have from Piedmont, is juicy and delicious. The expence of eating in Italy is nearly the same as in France, about three shillings a head for every meal. The state of Genoa is very poor, and their bank of St. George has received such rude shocks, first from the revolt of the Corsicans, and afterwards from the misfortunes of the city, when it was taken by the Austrians in the war 1745, that it still continues to languish without any near prospect of its credit being restored. Nothing shews the weakness of their state, more than their having recourse to the assistance of France to put a stop to the progress of Paoli in Corsica; for after all that has been said of the gallantry and courage of Paoli and his islanders, I am very credibly informed that they might be very easily suppressed, if the Genoese had either vigour in the council or resolution in the field.

True it is, they made a noble effort in expelling the Austrians who had taken possession of their city; but this effort was the effect of oppression and despair, and if I may believe the insinuations of some politicians in this part of the world, the Genoese would not have succeeded in that attempt, if they had not previously purchased with a large sum of money the connivance of the only person who could defeat the enterprize. For my own part, I can scarce entertain thoughts so prejudicial to the character of human nature, as to suppose a man capable of sacrificing to such a consideration, the duty he owed his prince, as well as all regard to the lives of his soldiers, even those who lay sick in hospitals, and who being dragged forth, were miserably butchered

butchered by the furious populace. There is one more presumption of his innocence, he still retains the favour of his sovereign, who could not well be supposed to share in the booty. "There are mysteries in politics which were never dreamed of in our philosophy, Horatio!" The possession of Genoa might have proved a troublesome bone of contention, which it might be convenient to lose by accident. Certain it is, when the Austrians returned after their expulsion, in order to retake the city, the engineer, being questioned by the general, declared he would take the place in fifteen days, on pain of losing his head; and in four days after this declaration the Austrians retired. This anecdote I learned from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had it from the engineer's own mouth. Perhaps it was the will of heaven. You see how favourably providence has interposed in behalf of the reigning empress of Russia, first in removing her husband; secondly in ordaining the assassination of prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been so liberally rewarded; it even seems determined to shorten the life of her own son, the only surviving rival from whom she had any thing to fear.

The Genoese have now thrown themselves into the arms of France for protection: I know not whether it would not have been a greater mark of sagacity to cultivate the friendship of England, with which they carry on an advantageous commerce. While the English are masters of the Mediterranean, they will always have it in their power to do incredible damage all along the Riviera, to ruin the Genoese trade by
 sea,

sea, and even to annoy the capital ; for notwithstanding all the pains they have taken to fortify the mole and the city, I am greatly deceived if it is not still exposed to the danger, not only of a bombardment, but even of a cannonade. I am even sanguine enough to think a resolute commander might, with a strong squadron, sail directly into the harbour, without sustaining much damage, notwithstanding all the cannon of the place, which are said to amount to near five hundred. I have seen a cannonade of above four hundred pieces of artillery, besides bombs and cohorns, maintained for many hours, without doing much mischief.

During the last siege of Genoa, the French auxiliaries were obliged to wait at Monaco, until a gale of wind had driven the English squadron off the coast, and then they went along shore in small vessels at the imminent risque of being taken by the British cruisers. By land I apprehend their march would be altogether impracticable, if the king of Sardinia had any interest to oppose it. He might either guard the passes, or break up the road in twenty different places, so as to render it altogether impassible. Here it may not be amiss to observe, that when Don Philip advanced from Nice with his army to Genoa, he was obliged to march so close to the shore, that in above fifty different places, the English ships might have rendered the road altogether impassable. The path, which runs generally along the face of a precipice washed by the sea, is so narrow that two men on horseback can hardly pass each other ; and the road itself so rugged, slippery, and dangerous, that the troopers were
obliged

obliged to dismount, and lead their horses one by one. On the other hand, baron de Leutrum, who was at the head of a large body of Piedmontese troops, had it in his power to block up the passes of the mountains, and even to destroy this road in such a manner, that the enemy could not possibly advance. Why these precautions were not taken, I do not pretend to explain: neither can I tell you wherefore the prince of Monaco, who is a subject and partizan of France, was indulged with a neutrality for his town, which served as a refreshing-place, a safe port, and an intermediate post for the French succours sent from Marseilles to Genoa. This I will only venture to affirm, that the success and advantage of great alliances are often sacrificed to low, partial, selfish, and sordid considerations. The town of Monaco is commanded by every height in its neighbourhood; and might be laid in ashes by a bomb-ketch in four hours by sea.

I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a lady in Genoa, who treated us with great politeness and hospitality. She introduced me to an *abbate*, a man of letters, whose conversation was extremely agreeable. He already knew me by reputation, and offered to make me known to some of the first persons in the republic, with whom he lived in intimacy. The lady is one of the most intelligent and best-bred persons I have known in any country. We assisted at her *conversazione*, which was numerous. She pressed us to pass the winter at Genoa; and indeed I was almost persuaded: but I had attachments at Nice, from which I could not easily disengage myself.

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The few days we stayed at Genoa were employed in visiting the most remarkable churches and palaces. In some of the churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, I found a profusion of ornaments, which had more magnificence than taste. There is a great number of pictures; but very few of them are capital pieces. I had heard much of the *ponte Carignano*, which did not at all answer my expectation. It is a bridge that unites two eminences which form the higher part of the city, and the houses in the bottom below do not rise so high as the springing of its arches. There is nothing at all curious in its construction, nor any way remarkable, except the height of the piers from which the arches are sprung. Hard by the bridge there is an elegant church, from the top of which you have a very rich and extensive prospect of the city, the sea and the adjacent country, which looks like a continent of groves and villas. The only remarkable circumstance about the cathedral, which is Gothic and gloomy, is the chapel where the pretended bones of John the Baptist are deposited, and in which thirty silver lamps are continually burning. I had a curiosity to see the palaces of Durazzo and Doria, but it required more trouble to procure admission than I was willing to give myself: as for the arsenal, and the rostrum of an ancient galley which was found by accident in dragging the harbour, I postponed seeing them till my return.

Having here provided myself with letters of credit for Florence and Rome, I hired the same boat which had brought us hither, to carry

carry us forward to Lerici, which is a small town about half way between Genoa and Leghorn, where travellers, who are tired of the sea, take post-chaifes to continue their route by land to Pisa and Florence. I payed three louis d'ors for this voyage of about fifty miles; though I might have had a felucca for less money. When you land on the wharf at Genoa, you are plied by the felucca men just as you are plied by the watermen at Hungerford-stairs in London. They are always ready to set off at a minute's warning for Lerici, Leghorn, Nice, Antibes, Marseilles, and every part of the Riviera.

The wind being still unfavourable, though the weather was delightful, we rowed along shore, passing by several pretty towns, villages, and a vast number of *cassines*, or little white houses, scattered among woods of olive trees, that cover the hills; and these are the habitations of the velvet and damask weavers. Turning Capo Fino we entered a bay, where stand the towns of Porto Fino, Lavagna, and Sestri di Levante, at which last we took up our night's lodging. The house was tolerable, and we had no great reason to complain of the beds: but, the weather being hot, there was a very offensive smell, which proceeded from some skins of beasts new killed, that were spread to dry on an out-house in the yard. Our landlord was a butcher, and had very much the looks of an assassin. His wife was a great masculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the slaughter-house. Instead of being welcomed with looks of complaisance, we were admitted with a sort of gloomy condescension,

on, which seemed to say, "We don't much like your company; but however, you shall have a night's lodging in favour of the *patron of the gondola*, who is our acquaintance." In short we had a very bad supper, miserably dressed, passed a very disagreeable night, and paid a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our custom. I was very glad to get out of the house with my throat uncut.

Sestri di Levante is a little town pleasantly situated on the sea-side; but has not the conveniency of a harbour. The fish taken here is mostly carried to Genoa. This is likewise the market for their oil, and the paste called *macaroni*, of which they make a good quantity.

Next day, we skirted a very barren coast, consisting of almost perpendicular rocks, on the faces of which, however, we saw many peasants houses and hanging terraces for vines, made by dint of incredible labour. In the afternoon, we entered by the Porto di Venere into the bay, or gulf of Spetia or Spezza, which was the *Portus Lunæ* of the ancients. This bay, at the mouth of which lies the island *Palmaria*, forms a most noble and secure harbour, capacious enough to contain all the navies in Christendom. The entrance on one side is defended by a small fort built above the town of Porto Venere, which is a very poor place. Farther in there is a battery of about twenty guns; and on the right hand, opposite to Porto Venere, is a block-house, founded on a rock in the sea. At the bottom of the bay is the town of Spetia, on the left, and on the right that of Lerici, defended by a castle of very little

strength or consequence. The whole bay is surrounded with plantations of olives and oranges, and makes a very delightful appearance. In case of a war, this would be an admirable station for a British squadron, as it lies so near Genoa and Leghorn; and has a double entrance, by means of which the cruisers could sail in and out continually, which way soever the wind might chance to fit. I am sure the fortifications would give very little disturbance.

At the post-house in Lerici, the accommodation is intolerable. We were almost poisoned at supper. I found the place where I was to lie so close and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leathern pormanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I paid very near a louis d'or. Such bad accommodation is less excusable, as the fellow has a great deal of business, this being a great thoroughfare for travellers going into Italy, or returning from thence.

I might have saved some money by prosecuting my voyage directly by sea to Leghorn: but, by this time, we were all heartily tired of the water: the business then was to travel by land to Florence, by the way of Pisa, which is seven posts distant from Lerici. Those who have not their own carriage must either hire chaises to perform the whole journey, or travel by the way of *cambiatura*, which is that of changing the chaises every post, as the custom is in England. In this case the great inconvenience arises from your being obliged to shift your baggage every post. The chaise or *caleffe* of this country

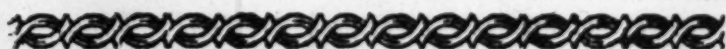
try is a wretched machine with two wheels, as uneasy as a common cart, being indeed no other than what we should call in England a very ill-contrived one-horse chair, narrow, naked, shattered and shabby. For this vehicle and two horses you pay at the rate of eight *paoli* a stage, or four shillings sterling; and the postilion expects two *paoli* for his gratification: so that every eight miles cost about five shillings, and four only if you travel in your own carriage, as in that case you pay no more than at the rate of three *paoli* a horse.

About three miles from Lericci, we crossed the Magra, which appeared as a rivulet almost dry, and in half a mile farther arrived at Sarzana, a small town at the extremity of the Genoese territories, where we changed horses. Then entering the principalities of Massa and Carrara, belonging to the duke of Modena, we passed Lavenza, which seems to be a decayed town with a small garrison, and dined at Massa, which is an agreeable little town, where the old dutchess of Modena resides. Notwithstanding all the expedition we could make, it was dark before we passed the Cerchio, which is an inconsiderable stream in the neighbourhood of Pisa, where we arrived about eight in the evening.

The country from Sarzana to the frontiers of Tuscany is a narrow plain, bounded on the right by the sea, and on the left by the Appenine mountains. It is well cultivated and inclosed, consisting of meadow-ground, corn, fields, plantations of olives; and the trees that form the hedge-rows serve as so many props to the vines, which are twisted round them, and continued from one to another.

another. After entering the dominions of Tuscany, we travelled through a noble forest of oak trees of a considerable extent, which would have appeared much more agreeable, had we not been benighted and apprehensive of robbers. The last post but one in this day's journey, is at the little town of Spirito Santo, a kind of sea-port on the Mediterranean. The roads are indifferent, and the accommodation is execrable. I was glad to find myself housed in a very good inn at Pisa, where I promised myself a good night's rest, and was not disappointed. I heartily wish you the same pleasure, and am very sincerely

Yours.



L E T T E R XXVII.

Nice, January 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

PISA is a fine old city that strikes you with the same veneration you would feel at sight of an antient temple which bears the marks of decay, without being absolutely delapidated. The houses are well built, the streets open, straight and well paved; the shops well furnished; and the markets well supplied: there are some elegant palaces, particularly that of the grand-duke, with a marble statue of Ferdinand III. before it. The churches are built with taste, and tolerably ornamented. There

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is a beautiful wharf of free-stone on each side of the river Arno, which runs through the city, and three bridges thrown over it, of which that in the middle is of marble, a pretty piece of architecture: but the number of the inhabitants is very inconsiderable; and this very circumstance gives it an air of majestic solitude, which is far from being unpleasant to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. For my part I cannot bear the tumult of a populous commercial city; and the solitude that reigns in Pisa would be a strong motive to choose it as a place of residence. Not that this would be the only inducement for living at Pisa. Here is some good company, and even a few men of taste and learning. The people in general are counted sociable and polite; and there is great plenty of provisions, at a very reasonable rate. At some distance from the more frequented parts of the city, a man may hire a large house for thirty crowns a year: but near the centre, you cannot have good lodgings, ready furnished, for less than a *seudo* (about five shillings) a day. The air in summer is reckoned unwholesome by the exhalations arising from stagnant water in the neighbourhood of the city, which stands in the midst of a fertile plain, low and marshy: yet these marshes have been considerably drained by the new canal extending from hence to Leghorn. As for the Arno, it is no longer navigable for vessels of any burthen. The university of Pisa is very much decayed; and except the little business occasioned by the emperor's galleys, which are built in this town, I know of no commerce it carries on: perhaps the inhabitants live on the produce of the country, which

consists of corn, wine, and cattle. They are supplied with excellent water for drinking, by an aqueduct consisting of above five thousand arches, begun by Cosmo, and finished by Ferdinand I. grand-dukes of Tuscany; it conveys the water from the mountains at the distance of five miles. This noble city, formerly the capital of a flourishing and powerful republic, which contained above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, within its walls, is now so desolate that grass grows in the open streets; and the number of its people do not exceed sixteen thousand.

You need not doubt but I visited the Campanile, or hanging-tower, which is a beautiful cylinder of eight stories, each adorned with a round of columns, rising one above another. It stands by the cathedral, and inclines so far on one side from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, it falls sixteen feet from the base. For my part, I should never have dreamed that this inclination proceeded from any other cause, than an accidental subsidence of the foundation on this side, if some connoisseurs had not taken great pains to prove it was done on purpose by the architect. Any person who has eyes may see that the pillars on that side are considerably sunk; and this is the case with the very threshold of the door by which you enter. I think it would have been a very preposterous ambition in the architects, to shew how far they could deviate from the perpendicular in this construction; because in that particular any common mason could have rivalled them; and if they really intend-

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ed it as a specimen of their art, they should have shortened the pilasters on that side, so as to exhibit them intire, without the appearance of sinking. These leaning towers are not unfrequent in Italy; there is one at Bologna, another at Venice, a third betwixt Venice and Ferrara, and a fourth at Ravenna; and the inclination in all of them has been supposed owing to the foundations giving way on one side only.

In the cathedral, which is a large Gothic pile, there is a great number of massy pillars of porphyry, granite, jasper, and verde antico, together with some good pictures and statues: but the greatest curiosity is that of the brasse-gate, designed and executed by John of Bologna, representing, embossed in different compartments, the history of the Old and New Testament. I was so charmed with this work, that I could have stood a whole day to examine and admire it. In the Baptisterium, which stands opposite to this front, there are some beautiful marbles, particularly the font, and a pulpit, supported by the statues of different animals.

Between the cathedral and this building, about one hundred paces on one side, is the famous burying-ground, called *Campo Santo*, from its being covered with earth brought from Jerusalem. It is an oblong square, surrounded by a very high wall, and always kept shut. Within-side there is a spacious corridore round the whole space, which is a noble walk for a contemplative philosopher. It is paved chiefly with flat grave-stones: the walls are painted in fresco by Giotto, Giottino, Stefano, Ben-

noti, Bufalmaco, and some others of his cotemporaries and disciples, who flourished immediately after the restoration of painting. The subjects are taken from the Bible. Though the manner is dry, the drawing incorrect, the design generally lame, and the colouring unnatural; yet there is merit in the expression: and the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made by this noble art immediately after her revival. Here are some deceptions in perspective equally ingenious and pleasing; particularly the figures of certain animals, which exhibit exactly the same appearance, from whatever different points of view they are seen. One division of the burying-ground consists of a particular compost, which in nine days consumes the dead bodies to the bones: in all probability, it is no other than common earth mixed with quick-lime. At one corner of the corridore, there are the pictures of three bodies represented in the three different stages of putrefaction which they undergo when laid in this composition. At the end of the three first days, the body is bloated and swelled, and the features are enlarged and distorted to such a degree, as fills the spectator with horror. At the sixth day, the swelling is subsided and all the muscular flesh hangs loosened upon the bones: at the ninth, nothing but the skeleton remains. There is a small neat chapel at one end of the *Campo Santo*, with some tombs, on one of which is a beautiful bust by Buona Roti. At the other end of the corridore, there is a range of antient Roman stone-coffins, representing on the sides and covers some excellent pieces in basso-relievo. The hunting

hunting of Meleager has been greatly admired: but what struck me most, was the figure of a woman lying dead on a tombstone, covered with a piece of thin drapery, so delicately cut as to show all the flexures of the attitude, and even all the swellings and sinuosities of the muscles. Instead of stone, it looks like a sheet of wet linen.

For four zechines I hired a return-coach and four from Pisa to Florence. This road, which lies along the Arno, is very good; and the country is delightful, variegated with hill and vale, wood and water, meadows and corn fields, planted and inclosed like the counties of Middlesex and Hampshire; with this difference, however, that all the trees in this tract were covered with vines, and the ripe clusters black and white, hung down from every bough in the most luxuriant and romantic abundance. The vines in this country are not planted in rows, and propped with sticks, as in France and the country of Nice, but twine around the hedge-row trees, which they almost quite cover with their foliage and fruit. The branches of the vine are extended from tree to tree, exhibiting beautiful festoons of real leaves, tendrils and swelling clusters a foot long. By this œconomy the ground of the inclosure is spared for corn, grass, or any other production. The trees commonly planted for the purpose of sustaining the vines, are maple, elm, and aller, with which last the banks of the Arno abound. This river, which is very inconsiderable with respect to the quantity of water, would be a charming pastoral stream, if it was transparent; but it is always muddy and discoloured. About

ten or a dozen miles below Florence, there are some marble quarries on the side of it, from whence the blocks are conveyed in boats, when there is water enough in the river to float them, that is after heavy rains, or the melting of the snow upon the mountains of Umbria, being part of the Appenines, from whence it takes its rise.

Florence is a noble city, that still retains all the marks of a majestic capital, such as piazzas, palaces, fountains, bridges, statues, and arcades. I need not tell you that the churches here are magnificent, and adorned not only with pillars of oriental granite, porphyry, jasper, verde antico, and other precious stones; but also with capital pieces of painting by the most eminent masters. Several of these churches, however, stand without fronts, for want of money to complete the plans. It may also appear superfluous to mention my having viewed the famous gallery of antiquities, the chapel of St. Lorenzo, the palace of Pitti, the cathedral, the baptistery, the *Ponte de Trinita*, with its statues, the triumphal arch, and every thing which is commonly visited in this metropolis. But all these objects having been circumstantially described by twenty different authors of travels, I shall not trouble you with a repetition of trite observations.

That part of the city which stands on each side of the river, makes a very elegant appearance, to which the four bridges and the stone-quay between them contribute in a great measure. I lodged at the widow Vanini's, an English house delightfully situated in this quarter.

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The landlady, who is herself a native of England, we found very obliging. The lodging-rooms are comfortable; and the entertainment is good and reasonable. There is a considerable number of fashionable people at Florence, and many of them in good circumstances. They affect a gaiety in their dress, equipage, and conversation; but stand very much on their punctilio with strangers; and will not, without great reluctance, admit into their assemblies any lady of another country, whose noblesse is not ascertained by a title. This reserve is in some measure excusable among a people who are extremely ignorant of foreign customs, and who know that in their own country, every person, even the most insignificant, who has any pretensions to family, either inherits, or assumes the title of *principe*, *conte*, or *marchese*.

With all their pride, however, the nobles of Florence are humble enough to enter into partnership with shop-keepers, and even to sell wine by retail. It is an undoubted fact, that in every palace or great house in this city, there is a little window fronting the street, provided with an iron-knocker, and over it hangs an empty flask, by way of sign-post. Thither you send your servant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at the little wicket, which is opened immediately by a domestic, who supplies him with what he wants, and receives the money like the waiter of any other cabaret. It is pretty extraordinary, that it should not be deemed a disparagement in a nobleman to sell half a pound of figs, or a palm of ribbon or tape, or to take money for a flask of sour wine; and yet be counted infamous.

mous to match his daughter in the family of a person who has distinguished himself in any one of the learned professions.

Though Florence be tolerably populous, there seems to be very little trade of any kind in it : but the inhabitants flatter themselves with the prospect of reaping great advantage from the residence of one of the arch-dukes, for whose reception they are now repairing the palace of Pitti. I know not what the revenues of Tuscany may amount to, since the succession of the princes of Lorraine; but, under the last dukes of the Medici family, they were said to produce two millions of crowns, equal to five hundred thousand pounds sterling. These arose from a very heavy tax upon land and houses, the portions of maidens, and suits at law, besides the duties upon traffick, a severe gabelle upon the necessaries of life, and a toll upon every eatable entered into this capital. If we may believe Leti, the grand duke was then able to raise and maintain an army of forty thousand infantry, and three thousand horse; with twelve gallies, two galleasses, and twenty ships of war. I question if Tuscany can maintain at present above one half of such an armament. He that now commands the emperor's navy, consisting of a few frigates, is an Englishman, called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ship in our East-India company's service. He has lately embraced the catholic religion, and been created admiral of Tuscany.

There is a tolerable opera in Florence for the entertainment of the best company, though they do not seem very attentive to the musick.

Italy

Italy is certainly the native country of this art; and yet, I do not find the people in general either more musically inclined, or better provided with ears than their neighbours. Here is also a wretched troop of comedians for the bourgeois, and lower class of people: but what seems most to suit the taste of all ranks, is the exhibition of church pageantry. I had occasion to see a procession, where all the noblesse of the city attended in their coaches, which filled the whole length of the great street called the *Corso*. It was the anniversary of a charitable institution in favour of poor maidens, a certain number of whom are portioned every year. About two hundred of these virgins walked in procession, two and two together, cloathed in violet-coloured wide gowns, with white veils on their heads, and made a very classical appearance. They were preceded and followed by an irregular mob of penitents in sack-cloth, with lighted tapers, and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies: but the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, standing within a gilt frame, dressed in a gold stuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of false jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in the very extremity of the fashion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the cross; but when his lady-mother appeared on the shoulders of three or four lusty friars, the whole populace fell on their knees in the dirt. This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin, must have been derived originally from the French, who pique themselves on their gallantry to the fair sex.

Amidst

Amidst all the scenery of the Roman catholic religion, I have never yet seen any of the spectators affected at heart, or discover the least signs of fanaticism. The very disciplinants, who scourge themselves in the Holy-week, are generally peasants or parties hired for the purpose. Those of the confrairies, who have an ambition to distinguish themselves on such occasions, take care to secure their backs from the smart by means of secret armour, either women's bodice, or quilted jackets. The confrairies are fraternities of devotees, who enlist themselves under the banners of particular saints. On days of procession they appear in a body dressed as penitents and masked, and distinguished by crosses on their habits. There is scarce an individual, whether noble or plebeian, who does not belong to one of these associations, which may be compared to the Free-Masons, Gregorians and Antigallicans of England.

Just without one of the gates of Florence, there is a triumphal arch erected on occasion of the late emperor's making his public entry, when he succeeded to the dukedom of Tuscany: and here in the summer evenings, the quality resort to take the air in their coaches. Every carriage stops, and forms a little separate conversation. The ladies sit within, and the cicisbei stand on the foot boards, on each side of the coach, entertaining them with their discourse. It would be no unpleasant inquiry to trace this sort of gallantry to its original, and investigate all its progress. The Italians, having been accused of jealousy, were resolved to wipe off the reproach, and, seeking to avoid it for the future, have

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run into the other extreme. I know it is generally supposed that the custom of choosing *cicisbei*, was calculated to prevent the extinction of families, which would otherwise often happen in consequence of marriages founded upon interest, without any mutual affection in the contracting parties. How far this political consideration may have weighed against the jealous and vindictive temper of the Italians, I will not pretend to judge: but, certain it is, every married lady in this country has her *cicisbeo*, or *serviente*, who attends her every where, and on all occasions; and upon whose privileges the husband dares not encroach, without incurring the censure and ridicule of the whole community. For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the galleys, than exercise the office of a *cicisbeo*, exposed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous resentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character, from my own observation: but, if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his Comedies are taken from nature, I would not hesitate to pronounce the Italian women the most haughty, insolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed their resentments are so cruelly implacable, and contain such a mixture of perfidy, that in my opinion, they are very unfit subjects for comedy, whose province it is, rather to ridicule folly than to stigmatize such atrocious vice.

You have often heard it said, that the purity of the Italian is to be found in the *lingua Toscana*, and *bocca Romana*. Certain it is, the pronunciation of the Tuscans is disagreeably guttural:
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the letters C and G they pronounce with an aspiration, which hurts the ear of an Englishman; and is, I think, rather rougher than that of the X, in Spanish. It sounds as if the speaker had lost his palate. I really imagined the first man I heard speak in Pisa, had met with that misfortune in the course of his amours.

One of the greatest curiosities you meet with in Italy, is the Improvisatori; such is the name given to certain individuals, who have the surprising talent of reciting verses extempore, on any subject, you propose. Mr. Corvesi, my landlord, has a son, a Franciscan friar, who is a great genius in this way. When the subject is given, his brother tunes his violin to accompany him, and he begins to rehearse in recitative, with wonderful fluency and precision. Thus he will, at a minute's warning, recite two or three hundred verses, well turned, and well adapted, and generally mingled with an elegant compliment to the company. The Italians are so fond of poetry, that many of them have the best part of Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch, by heart; and these are the great sources from which the Improvisatori draw their rhimes, cadence, and turns of expression. But, lest you should think there is neither rhyme nor reason in protracting this tedious epistle, I shall conclude it with the old burden of my song, that I am always

Your affectionate humble servant.

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L E T T E R XXVIII.

Nice, February 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR entertaining letter of the fifth of last month, was a very charitable and a very agreeable donation: but your suspicion is groundless. I assure you, upon my honour, I have no share whatever in any of the disputes which agitate the public: nor do I know any thing of your political transactions, except what I casually see in one of your news-papers, with the perusal of which I am sometimes favoured by our consul at Villefranche. You insist upon my being more particular in my remarks on what I saw at Florence, and I shall obey the injunction. The famous gallery which contains the antiquities, is the third story of a noble stone-edifice, built in the form of the Greek Π, the upper part fronting the river Arno, and one of the legs adjoining to the ducal-palace, where the courts of justice are held. As the house of Medici had for some centuries resided in the palace of Pitti, situated on the other side of the river, a full mile from these tribunals, the architect Vasari, who planned the new edifice, at the same time contrived a corridore, or covered passage, extending from the palace of Pitti along one of the bridges, to the gallery of curiosities, through which the grand-duke passed unseen, when he was disposed

sed either to amuse himself with his antiquities, or to assist at his courts of judicature: but there is nothing very extraordinary either in the contrivance or execution of this corridore.

If I resided in Florence I would give something extraordinary for permission to walk every day in the gallery, which I should much prefer to the Lycæum, the groves of Academus, or any porch or philosophical alley in Athens or in Rome. Here by viewing the statues and busts ranged on each side, I should become acquainted with the faces of all the remarkable personages, male and female, of antiquity, and even be able to trace their different characters from the expression of their features. This collection is a most excellent commentary upon the Roman historians, particularly Suetonius and Dion Cassius. There was one circumstance that struck me in viewing the busts of Caracalla, both here and in the capitol at Rome; that was, a certain ferocity in the eyes, which seemed to contradict the sweetness of the other features, and remarkably justified the epithet *Caracul*, by which he was distinguished by the ancient inhabitants of North-Britain. In the language of the Highlanders *caracul* signifies *cruel eye*, as we are given to understand by the ingenious editor of Fingal, who seems to think that Caracalla is no other than the Celtic word, adapted to the pronunciation of the Romans: but the truth is, Caracalla was the name of a Gaulish vestment, which this prince affected to wear; and hence he derived that surname. The Caracul of the Britons, is the same as the ὑπὸς αἰσῶν of the Greeks, which Homer

has

has so often applied to his Scolding Herbes. I like the Bacchanalian, chiefly for the fine drapery. The wind occasioned by her motion, seems to have swelled and raised it from the parts of the body which it covers. There is another gay Bacchanalian in the attitude of dancing, crowned with ivy, holding in her right hand a bunch of grapes, and in her left the thyrsus. The head of the celebrated Flora is very beautiful: the groupe of Cupid and Psyche, however, did not give me all the pleasure I expected from it.

Of all the marbles that appear in the open gallery, the following are those I most admire. Leda with the Swan; as for Jupiter, in this transformation, he has much the appearance of a goose. I have not seen any thing tamer: but the sculptor has admirably shewn his art in representing Leda's hand partly hid among the feathers, which are so lightly touched off, that the very shape of the fingers are seen underneath. The statue of a youth, supposed to be Ganymede, is compared by the connoisseurs to the celebrated Venus, and as far as I can judge, not without reason: it is however, rather agreeable than striking, and will please a connoisseur much more than a common spectator. I know not whether it is my regard to the faculty that inhances the value of the noted Æsculapius, who appears with a venerable beard of delicate workmanship. He is larger than the life, cloathed in a magnificent pallium, his left arm resting on a knotted staff, round which the snake is twined according to Ovid.

*Hunc modo serpentem baculum qui nexibus ambit
Perspice* —————

He

He has in his hand the *fascia barbarum*, and the *crepidæ* on his feet. There is a wild-boar, represented lying on one side, which I admire as a master-piece. The savageness of his appearance is finely contrasted with the ease and indolence of the attitude. Were I to meet with a living boar lying with the same expression, I should be tempted to stroke his bristles. Here is an elegant bust of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian; and a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, turned on one side, with an expression of languishment and anxiety in his countenance. The virtuosi are not agreed about the circumstance in which he is represented; whether fainting with the loss of blood which he suffered in his adventure at Oxydrace; or languishing with the fever contracted by bathing in the Cydnus; or finally complaining to his father Jove, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. The kneeling Narcissus is a striking figure, and the expression admirable. The two Bacchi are perfectly well executed; (but to my shame be it spoken) I prefer to the antique that which is the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, concerning which the story is told which you well know. The artist having been blamed by some pretended connoisseurs, for not imitating the manner of the ancients, is said to have privately finished this Bacchus, and buried it, after having broke off an arm which he kept as a voucher. The statue, being dug up by accident, was allowed by the best judges, to be a perfect antique, upon which Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed his own work. Signior Bianchi, the keeper of this museum, looks upon this as a fable; but owns that

that Vafari tells such another of a child cut in marble by the same artist, which being carried to Rome, and kept for some time underground, was dug up as an antique, and sold for a great deal of money. I was likewise attracted by the Morpheus in touchstone, which is described by Addison, who, by the bye, notwithstanding all his taste, has been convicted by Bianchi of several gross blunders in his account of this gallery.

With respect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, which was found at Tivoli, and is kept in a separate apartment called the *Tribuna*, I believe I ought to be entirely silent, or at least conceal my real sentiments, which will otherwise appear equally absurd and presumptuous. It must be want of taste that prevents my feeling that enthusiastic admiration with which others are inspired at sight of this statue: a statue which in reputation equals that of Cupid by Praxiteles, which brought such a concourse of strangers of old to the little town of Thespiæ. I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus; and that the attitude is aukward and out of character. It is a bad plea to urge that the antients and we differ in the ideas of beauty. We know the contrary, from their medals, busts, and historians. Without all doubt, the limbs and proportions of this statue are elegantly formed, and accurately designed, according to the nicest rules of symmetry and proportion; and the back parts especially are executed so happily, as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator. One cannot help thinking it is the very

ry Venus of *Cnidos* by Praxiteles, which Lucian describes. “Hercle quanta dorsi concinnitas! ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent! quam scite circumductæ clunium pulpæ in se rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipsis ossibus adstrictæ, neque in immensam effusæ Pinguedinem!” That the statue thus described was not the *Venus de Medicis*, would appear from the Greek inscription on the base, ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΟΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ. *Clomenes filius Apollodori fecit*; did we not know that this inscription is counted spurious, and that instead of ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ, it should be ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. This however, is but a frivolous objection, as we have seen many inscriptions undoubtedly antique, in which the orthography is false, either from the ignorance or carelessness of the sculptor. Others suppose, not without reason, that this statue is a representation of the famous Phryne, the courtesan of Athens, who at the celebration of the Eleusinian games, exhibited herself coming out of the bath, naked, to the eyes of the whole Athenian people. I was much pleased with the dancing faun; and still better with the Loti, or wrestlers, the attitudes of which are beautifully contrived to shew the different turns of the limbs, and the swelling of the muscles: but, what pleased me best of all the statues in the Tribuna was the Arrotino, commonly called the Whetter, and generally supposed to represent a slave, who in the act of whetting a knife, overheard the conspiracy of Catiline. You know he is represented on one knee; and certain it is, I never saw such an expression of
anxious

anxious attention, as appears in his countenance. But it is not mingled with any marks of surprise, such as could not fail to lay hold on a man who overhears by accident a conspiracy against the state. The marquis de Maffei has justly observed that Sallust, in his very circumstantial detail of that conspiracy, makes no mention of any such discovery. Neither does it appear, that the figure is in the act of whetting, the stone which he holds in one hand being rough and unequal, no ways resembling a whetstone. Others alledge it represents Milico, the freedman of Scævinius, who conspired against the life of Nero, and gave his poignard to be whetted to Milico, who presented it to the emperor, with an account of the conspiracy: but the attitude and expression will by no means admit of this interpretation. Signior Bianchi, who is himself a learned and judicious antiquarian, thinks the statue represents the augur Attius Navius, who cut a stone with a knife, at the command of Tarquinius Priscus. This conjecture seems to be confirmed by a medallion of Antoninus Pius, inserted by Vaillant among his *Numismata Præstantiora*, on which is delineated nearly such a figure as this in question, with the following legend, “Attius Navius genuflexus ante Tarquinium Priscum cotem cultro discidit.” He owns indeed that in the statue, the augur is not distinguished either by his habit or emblems, and he might have added, neither is the stone a *cos*. For my own part, I think neither of these three opinions is satisfactory, though the last is very ingenious. Perhaps the figure alludes to a private incident, which never was recorded

corded in any history. Among the great number of pictures in this Tribuna, I was most charmed with the Venus by Titian, which has a sweetness of expression and tenderness of colouring, not to be described. In this apartment, they reckon three hundred pieces, the greatest part by the best masters, particularly by Raphael, in the three manners by which he distinguished himself at different periods of his life. As for the celebrated statue of the hermaphrodite, which we find in another room, I give the sculptor credit for his ingenuity in mingling the sexes in the composition; but it is, at best, no other than a monster in nature, which I had never any pleasure in viewing: nor, indeed, do I think there was much talent required in representing a figure with the head and breasts of a woman, and all the other parts of the body masculine. There is such a profusion of curiosities in this celebrated musæum; statues, busts, pictures, medals, tables inlaid in the way of marquetry, cabinets adorned with precious stones, jewels of all sorts, mathematical instruments, antient arms and military machines, that the imagination is bewildered; and a stranger of a visionary turn, would be apt to fancy himself in a palace of the fairies, raised and adorned by the power of enchantment.

In one of the detached apartments, I saw the antependium of the altar, designed for the famous chapel of St. Lorenzo. It is a curious piece of architecture, inlaid with coloured marble and precious stones, so as to represent an infinite variety of natural objects. It is adorned with some crystal pillars, with capitals of beaten gold. The se-

cond

cond story of the building is occupied by a great number of artists employed in this very curious work of marquetry, representing figures with gems and different kinds of coloured marble, for the use of the emperor. The Italians call it *pietre commesse*, a sort of inlaying with stones, analogous to the finearing of cabinets in wood. It is peculiar to Florence, and seems to be still more curious than the Mosaic work, which the Romans have brought to great perfection.

The cathedral of Florence is a great Gothic building, encrusted on the outside with marble; it is remarkable for nothing but its cupola, which is said to have been copied by the architect of St. Peter's at Rome, and for its size, which is much greater than that of any other church in Christendom. The baptistery, which stands by it, was an antient temple, said to be dedicated to Mars. There are some good statues of marble within; and one or two of bronze on the outside of the doors; but it is chiefly celebrated for the embossed work of its brass gates, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, which Buonaroti used to say, deserved to be made the gates of Paradise. I viewed them with pleasure: but still I retained a greater veneration for those of Pisa, which I had first admired; a preference which either arises from want of taste, or from the charm of novelty, by which the former were recommended to my attention. Those who would have a particular detail of every thing worth seeing at Florence, comprehending churches, libraries, palaces, tombs, statues, pictures, fountains, bridges, &c. may consult Keyser, who is so laboriously circumstantial in his

V O L. II. E descriptions,

descriptions, that I never could peruse them, without suffering the head-ach, and recollecting the old observation, That the German genius lies more in the back than in the brain.

I was much disappointed in the chapel of St. Lorenzo. Notwithstanding the great profusion of granite, porphyry, jasper, verde antico, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, representing figures in the way of marquetry, I think the whole has a gloomy effect. These *pietre commesse* are better calculated for cabinets, than for ornaments to great buildings, which ought to be large masses proportioned to the greatness of the edifice. The compartments are so small, that they produce no effect in giving the first impression when one enters the place; except to give an air of littleness to the whole, just as if a grand saloon was covered with pictures painted in miniature. If they have as little regard to proportion and perspective, when they paint the dome, which is not yet finished, this chapel will, in my opinion, remain a monument of ill taste and extravagance.

The court of the palace of Pitti is formed by three sides of an elegant square, with arcades all round, like the palace of Holyrood house at Edinburgh: and the rustic work, which constitutes the lower part of the building, gives it an air of strength and magnificence. In this court, there is a fine fountain, in which the water trickles down from above: and here is also an admirable antique statue of Hercules, inscribed ΑΥΣΙΠΠΙΟΥ ΕΡΤΟΝ, the work of Lysippus.

The

The apartments of this palace are generally small, and many of them dark. Among the paintings, the most remarkable is the Madonna de la Seggiola, by Raphael, counted one of the best coloured pieces of that great master. If I was allowed to find fault with the performance, I should pronounce it defective in dignity and sentiment. It is the expression of a peasant rather than of the mother of God. She exhibits the fondness and joy of a young woman towards her first-born son, without that rapture of admiration which we expect to find in the Virgin Mary, while she contemplates, in the fruit of her own womb, the Saviour of mankind. In other respects, it is a fine figure, gay, agreeable, and very expressive of maternal tenderness; and the *bambino* is extremely beautiful. There was an English painter employed in copying this picture, and what he had done was executed with great success. I am one of those who think it very possible to imitate the best pieces in such a manner, that even the connoisseurs shall not be able to distinguish the original from the copy. After all, I do not set up for a judge in these matters, and very likely I may incur the ridicule of the virtuosi for the remarks I have made: but I am used to speak my mind freely on all subjects that fall under the cognizance of my senses; though I must as freely own, there is something more than common sense required to discover and distinguish the more delicate beauties of painting. I can safely say, however, that without any daubing at all, I am, very sincerely,

Your affectionate humble servant,



L E T T E R XXIX.

Nice, February 20, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING seen all the curiosities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for seven weeks, at the price of seven zequines, something less than three guineas and a half, we set out post for Rome, by the way of Sienna, where we lay the first night. The country through which we passed is mountainous but agreeable. Of Sienna I can say nothing from my own observation, but that we were indifferently lodged in a house that stunk like a privy, and fared wretchedly at supper. The city is large and well built: the inhabitants pique themselves upon their politeness, and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, some strangers reside in this place on purpose to learn the best pronunciation of the Italian tongue. The Mosaic pavement of their duomo, or cathedral, has been much admired; as well as the history of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards pope Pius II. painted on the walls of the library, partly by Pietro Perugino, and partly by his pupil Raphael D'Urbino.

Next day, at Buon Convento, where the emperor Henry VII. was poisoned by a friar with the sacramental wafer, I refused to give money to the hostler, who in revenge put two young unbroke stone-horses in the traces next to the coach, which

which became so unruly, that before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the postilion were rolling in the dust. In this situation they made such efforts to disengage themselves, and kicked with such violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without sustaining any personal damage, except the fright; nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horses were terribly bruised, and almost strangled, before they could be disengaged. Exasperated at the villainy of the hostler, I resolved to make a complaint to the magistrate of the place, who is called *uffiziale*. I found him wrapped in an old, greasy, ragged, great-coat, sitting in a wretched apartment, without either glass, paper, or boards in the windows; and there was no sort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs and a miserable truckle-bed. He looked pale, meagre, and haggard, and had more the air of a half-starved prisoner than of a magistrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or bellfry, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In consequence of this signal, the post-master came up stairs, and I suppose he was the first man in the place, for the *uffiziale* stood before him cap-in-hand, and with great marks of humble respect repeated the complaint I had made. This man assured me, with an air of conscious importance, that he himself had ordered the hostler to supply me with those very horses, which were the best in his stable; and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the misconduct of the fore-postilion, who did not keep the

fore horses to a proper speed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himself, and I perceived had an ascendancy over the magistrate, I contented myself with saying, I was certain the two horses had been put to the coach on purpose, either to hurt or frighten us; and that since I could not have justice here I would make a formal complaint to the British minister at Florence. In passing through the street to the coach, which was by this time furnished with fresh horses, I met the hostler, and would have caned him heartily; but perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vanished. Of all the people I have ever seen, the hostlers, postilions, and other fellows hanging about the post-houses in Italy, are the most greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are those travellers who have phlegm enough to disregard their insolence and importunity: for this is not so disagreeable as their revenge is dangerous. An English gentleman at Florence told me, that one of those fellows, whom he had struck for his impertinence, flew at him with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at sword's point. All of them wear such knives, and are very apt to use them on the slightest provocation. But their open attacks are not so formidable as their premeditated schemes of revenge; in the prosecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.

This night we passed at a place called Radicofani, a village and fort, situated on the top of a very high mountain. The inn stands still lower than the town. It was built at the expence of the last grand-duke of Tuscany; is very large,
very

very cold, and uncomfortable. One would imagine it was contrived for coolness, though situated so high, that even in the midst of summer, a traveller would be glad to have a fire in his chamber. But few, or none of them have fire-places, and there is not a bed with curtains or tester in the house. All the adjacent country is naked and barren. On the third day we entered the pope's territories, some parts of which are delightful. Having passed Aqua-Pendente, a beggarly town, situated on the top of a rock, from whence there is a romantic cascade of water, which gives it the name, we travelled along the side of the lake Bolsena, a beautiful piece of water about thirty miles in circuit, with two islands in the middle, the banks covered with noble plantations of oak and cypress. The town of Bolsena standing near the ruins of the antient Volsinium, which was the birth-place of Sejanus, is a paultry village; and Montefiascone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, situated on the side of a hill, which, according to the author of the Grand Tour, the only directory I had along with me, is supposed to be the Soraete of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soraete was visible from Rome: for, in his ninth ode, addressed to Thaliarchus, he says,

*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soraete* —————

but, in order to see Montefiascone, his eye-sight must have penetrated through the Mons

Cyminus, at the foot of which stands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us that Soracte was not far from Rome, *baud procul ab urbe Roma*; but Montefiascone is fifty miles from this city. And Desprez, in his notes upon Horace, says it is now called Monte S. Oreste. Addison tells us he passed by it in the Campania. I could not without indignation reflect upon the bigotry of Matilda, who gave this fine country to the see of Rome, under the dominion of which no country was ever known to prosper.

About half way between Montefiascone and Viterbo, one of our fore-wheels flew off, together with a large splinter of the axletree; and if one of the postilions had not by great accident been a remarkably ingenious fellow, we should have been put to the greatest inconvenience, as there was no town, or even house, within several miles. I mention this circumstance, by way of warning to other travellers, that they may provide themselves with a hammer and nails, a spare iron pin or two, a large knife, and a bladder of grease, to be used occasionally in case of such misfortune.

The mountain of Viterbo is covered with beautiful plantations and villas belonging to the Roman nobility, who come hither to make the *villegiatura* in summer. Of the city of Viterbo I shall say nothing, but that it is the capital of that country which Matilda gave to the Roman see. The place is well built, adorned with public fountains, and a great number of churches and convents; yet far from being populous, the whole number of inhabitants, not exceeding fifteen thousand. The post-house is one of the worst inns I ever entered.

After

After having passed this mountain, the Cyminus of the antients, we skirted part of the lake, which is now called de Vico, and whose banks afford the most agreeable rural prospects of hill and vale, wood, glade and water, shade and sun-shine. A few other very inconsiderable places we passed, and descended into the Campania of Rome, which is almost a desert. The view of this country, in its present situation, cannot but produce emotions of pity and indignation in the mind of every person who retains any idea of its antient cultivation and fertility. It is nothing but a naked withered down, desolate and dreary, almost without inclosure, corn-field, hedge, tree, shrub, house, hut, or habitation; exhibiting here and there the ruins of an antient castellum, tomb, or temple, and in some places the remains of a Roman via. I heard much of these antient works, and was greatly disappointed when I saw them. The Via Cassia or Cymina is paved with broad, solid, flint-stones, which must have greatly incommoded the feet of horses that travelled upon it, as well as endangered the lives of the riders from the slipperiness of the pavement: besides, it is so narrow that two modern carriages could not pass one another upon it, without the most imminent hazard of being overturned. I am still of opinion that we excel the antient Romans in understanding the conveniencies of life.

The Grand Tour says, that within four miles of Rome you see a tomb on the road-side, said to be that of Nero, with sculpture in basso relievo at both ends. I did see such a thing more like a common grave-stone, than the tomb of

an emperor. But we are informed by Suetonius, that the dead body of Nero, who slew himself at the villa of his freedman, was by the care of his two nurses and his concubine Atta, removed to the sepulchre of the Gens Domitia, immediately within the Porta del Popolo, on your left hand as you enter Rome, precisely on the spot where now stands the church of S. Maria del Popolo. His tomb was even distinguished by an epitaph, which has been preserved by Gruterus. Giacomo Alberici tells us very gravely in his History of the Church, that a great number of devils, who guarded the bones of this wicked emperor, took possession, in the shape of black ravens, of a walnut-tree, which grew upon the spot; from whence they insulted every passenger, until pope Paschal II. in consequence of a solemn fast and a revelation, went thither in procession with his court and cardinals, cut down the tree, burned it to ashes, which, with the bones of Nero, were thrown into the Tyber: then he consecrated an altar on the place, where afterwards the church was built. You may guess what I felt at first sight of the city of Rome, which notwithstanding all the calamities it has undergone, still maintains an august and imperial appearance. It stands on the farther side of the Tyber, which we crossed at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons Milvius, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by Æmilius Censor, whose name it originally bore. It was the road by which so many heroes returned with conquest to their country; by which so many kings were led captives to Rome; and by which the
ambassadors

ambassadors of so many kingdoms and states approached the seat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to solicit the friendship, or sue for the protection of the Roman people. It is likewise famous for the defeat and death of Maxentius, who was here overcome by Constantine the Great. The space between the bridge and Porta del Popolo, on the right-hand, which is now taken up with gardens and villas, was part of the antient Campus Martius, where the comitiæ were held; and where the Roman people inured themselves to all manner of exercises: it was adorned with porticos, temples, theatres, baths, circi, basilicæ, obelisks, columns, statues, and groves. Authors differ in their opinions about the extent of it; but as they all agree that it contained the Pantheon, the Circus Agonis, now the Piazza Navona, the Bustum and Mausoleum Augusti, great part of the modern city must be built upon the antient Campus Martius. The highway that leads from the bridge to the city, is part of the Via Flaminia, which extended as far as Rimini; and is well paved like a modern street. Nothing of the antient bridge remains but the piles; nor is there any thing in the structure of this, or of the other five Roman bridges over the Tyber that deserves attention. I have not seen any bridge in France or Italy, comparable to that of Westminster, either in beauty, magnificence, or solidity; and when the bridge at Black-Friars is finished, it will be such a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel. As for the Tyber, it is, in comparison with the Thames, no more than an inconsiderable stream, foul, deep, and rapid; navigable by
small

small boats, barks, and lighters; and, for the conveniency of loading and unloading them, there is a handsome quay by the new custom-house, at the Porto di Ripetta, provided with stairs on each side, and adorned with an elegant fountain, that yields abundance of excellent water.

We are told that the bed of this river has been considerably raised by the rubbish of old Rome, and this is the reason usually given for its being so apt to overflow its banks. A citizen of Rome told me, that a friend of his lately digging to lay the foundation of a new house in the lower part of the city, near the bank of the river, discovered the pavement of an antient street, at the depth of thirty nine feet from the present surface of the earth. He therefore concluded that modern Rome is near forty feet higher in this place, than the site of the antient city, and that the bed of the river is raised in proportion; but this is altogether incredible. Had the bed of the Tyber been antiently forty feet lower at Rome, than it is at present, there must have been a fall or cataract in it immediately above this tract, as it is not pretended that the bed of it is raised in any part above the city; otherwise such an elevation would have obstructed its course, and then it would have overflowed the whole Campania. There is nothing extraordinary in its present over-flowings: they frequently happened of old, and did great mischief to the antient city. Appian, Dio, and other historians, describe an inundation of the Tiber immediately after the death of Julius Cæsar, which inundation was occasioned by the sudden melting of a great quantity of snow which had fallen upon the Appen-
nines.

nines. This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Augustus.

*Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ:
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti,
Faciat ultorem; vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante
Uxoriæ Amnis.*

Livy expressly says, “*ita abundavit Tiberis, ut Ludi Apollinares, Circo inundato, extra portam Collinam ad ædem Erycinæ Veneris parati sint*”— To this custom of transferring the *Ludi Apollinares* to another place where the Tyber had overflowed the *Circus Maximus*, Ovid alludes in his *Fasti*.

*Altera gramineo spectabis equiria campo
Quem Tiberis curvis in latus urget aquis.
Qui tamen ejecta si forte tenebitur unda,
Cælius accipiet pulverulentus equos.*

The Porta del Popolo (formerly, Flaminia,) by which we entered Rome, is an elegant piece of architecture, adorned with marble columns and statues, and executed after the design of Buonaroti. Within side you find yourself in a noble piazza, from whence three of the principal streets of Rome are detached. It is adorned with the famous Ægyptian obelisk, brought hither from the *Circus Maximus*, and set up by the

the architect Dominico Fontana in the pontificate of Sixtus V. Here is likewise a beautiful fountain designed by the same artist; and at the beginning of the two principal streets, are two very elegant churches fronting each other. Such an august entrance cannot fail to impress the stranger with a sublime idea of this venerable city.

Having given our names at the gate, we repaired to the dogana, or custom-house, where our trunks and carriage were searched; and here we were surrounded by a number of servitori de piazza, offering their services with the most disagreeable importunity. Though I told them several times I had no occasion for any, three of them took possession of the coach, one mounting before and two of them behind; and thus we proceeded to the Piazza d'Espagna, where the person lived to whose house I was directed. Strangers that come to Rome seldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houses, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Espagna is open, airy, and pleasantly situated, in a high part of the city immediately under the Colla Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here most of the English reside: the apartments are generally commodious and well furnished; and the lodgers are well supplied with provisions and all necessaries of life. But, if I studied œconomy, I would chuse another part of the town than the Piazza d'Espagna, which is, besides, at a great distance from the antiquities. For a decent first floor and two bed-chambers on the second, I paid no more than a scudo (five shillings) per day.

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Our table was plentifully furnished by the landlord for two and thirty pauls, being equal to sixteen shillings. I hired a town-coach at the rate of fourteen pauls, or seven shillings a day; and a *servitore di piazza* for three pauls, or eighteen-pence. The coachman has also an allowance of two pauls a day. The provisions at Rome are reasonable and good, especially the *vittella mongana*, which is the most delicate veal I ever tasted, but very dear, being sold for two pauls, or a shilling, the pound. Here are the rich wines of Montepulciano, Montefiascone, and monte di Dragone; but what we commonly drink at meals is that of Orvieto, a small white wine, of an agreeable flavour. Strangers are generally advised to employ an antiquarian to instruct them in all the curiosities of Rome; and this is a necessary expence, when a person wants to become a connoisseur in painting, statuary, and architecture. For my own part I had no such ambition. I longed to view the remains of antiquity by which this metropolis is distinguished; and to contemplate the originals of many pictures and statues, which I had admired in prints and descriptions. I therefore chose a servant, who was recommended to me as a sober intelligent fellow, acquainted with these matters: at the same time I furnished myself with maps and plans of antient and modern Rome, together with the little manual, called, *Itinerario istruttivo per ritrovare con facilità tutte le magnificenze di Roma e di alcune città, e castelli suburbani*. But I found still more satisfaction in perusing the book in three volumes, intitled, *Roma antica, e moderna*, which contains a description of every thing

thing remarkable in and about the city, illustrated with a great number of copper-plates, and many curious historical annotations. This directory cost me a zequine; but a hundred zequines will not purchase all the books and prints which have been published at Rome on these subjects. Of these the most celebrated are the plates of Piranesi, who is not only an ingenious architect and engraver, but also a learned antiquarian; though he is apt to run riot in his conjectures; and with regard to the arts of antient Rome, has broached some doctrines, which he will find it very difficult to maintain. Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers, (some of them of our own country,) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impose upon the uninformed strangery, by selling him trash as the productions of the most celebrated artists. The English are more than any other foreigners exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of snares are laid for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unnecessary expence: but, what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy, they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, musick, statuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen in different parts of Italy, a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her
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national character into contempt: ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their understanding, or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped perhaps in the very first partie: another is poked and pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice: a third is bled by a knavish antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fiddlers and pretend to compose: but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finished connoisseurs and coxcombs, to their own country. The most remarkable phænomenon of this kind, which I have seen, is a boy of seventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auspices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome, you receive cards from all your country-folk in that city: they expect to have the visit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never speak to one another in the sequel. This is a refinement in hospitality and politeness, which the English have invented by the strength of their own genius, without any assistance either from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Englishman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffee-house at Rome; and as there are no public diversions, except in carnival-time, the only chance you have for seeing your compatriots, is either in visiting the curiosities, or at a conversazione. The Italians are very scrupulous in admitting foreigners, except those who are introduced as people

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people of quality: but if there happens to be any English lady of fashion at Rome, she generally keeps an assembly, to which the British subjects resort. In my next, I shall communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretence, however, to the character of a connoisseur, which, without all doubt, would sit very awkwardly upon,

Dear Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.



L E T T E R XXX.

Nice, February 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the eyes of a stranger, especially in the heats of summer, than the great number of public fountains that appear in every part of Rome, embellished with all the ornaments of sculpture, and pouring forth prodigious quantities of cool, delicious water, brought in aqueducts from different lakes, rivers, and sources at a considerable distance from the city. These works are the remains of the munificence and industry of the ancient Romans, who were extremely delicate in the article of water: but, however, great applause is also due to those beneficent popes who have been at the expence of restoring and repairing those noble channels of health, pleasure,

pleasure, and convenience. This great plenty of water, nevertheless, has not induced the Romans to be cleanly. Their streets, and even their palaces, are disgraced with filth. The noble Piazza Navona, is adorned with three or four fountains, one of which is perhaps the most magnificent that Europe can produce, and all of them discharge vast streams of water: but, notwithstanding this provision, the piazza is almost as dirty as West Smithfield, where the cattle are sold in London. The corridors, arcades, and even stair-cases belonging to their most elegant palaces, are depositories of nastiness, and indeed in summer smell as strong as spirit of hartshorn. I have a great notion that their ancestors were not much more cleanly. If we consider that the city and suburbs of Rome, in the reign of Claudius, contained about seven millions of inhabitants, a number equal at least to the sum total of all the souls in England; that great part of antient Rome was allotted to temples, porticos, basilicæ, theatres, thermæ, circi, public and private walks and gardens, where very few, if any, of this great number lodged; that by far the greater part of those inhabitants were slaves and poor people, who did not enjoy the conveniencies of life; and that the use of linen was scarce known; we must naturally conclude they were strangely crowded together, and that in general they were a very frowzy generation. That they were crowded together appears from the height of their houses, which the poet Rutilius compared to towers made for scaling heaven. In order to remedy this inconvenience, Augustus Cæsar published

published a decree, that for the future no houses should be built above seventy feet high, which, at a moderate computation, might make six stories. But what seems to prove, beyond all dispute, that the antient Romans were dirty creatures, are these two particulars. Vespasian laid a tax upon urine and ordure, on pretence of being at a great expence in clearing the streets from such nuisances; an imposition which amounted to about fourteen pence a year for every individual; and when Heliogabalus ordered all the cobwebs of the city and suburbs to be collected, they were found to weigh ten thousand pounds. This was intended as a demonstration of the great number of inhabitants; but it was a proof of their dirt, rather than of their populousity. I might likewise add, the delicate custom of taking vomits at each other's houses, when they were invited to dinner, or supper, that they might prepare their stomachs for gormandizing; a beastly proof of their nastiness as well as gluttony. Horace, in his description of the banquet of Nasidienus, says, when the canopy, under which they sat, fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raised by a hard gale of wind in dry weather.

——— “ *trabentia pulveris atri,*
Quantum non aquilo Campanis excitat agris. ”

I might observe, that the streets were often encumbered with the putrifying carcases of criminals, who had been dragged through them by the heels, and precipitated from the *Scala Gemoniæ*,

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or Tarpeian rock, before they were thrown into the Tyber, which was the general receptacle of the *cloaca maxima* and all the filth of Rome: besides, the bodies of all those who made away with themselves, without sufficient cause; of such as were condemned for sacrilege, or killed by thunder, were left unburned and unburied, to rot above ground.

I believe the moderns retain more of the customs of the antient Romans, than is generally imagined. When I first saw the infants at the *enfants trouvés* in Paris, so swathed with bandages, that the very sight of them made my eyes water, I little dreamed, that the prescription of the antients could be pleaded for this custom, equally shocking and absurd: but in the Capitol at Rome, I met with the antique statue of a child *emilloté* exactly in the same manner; rolled up like an Ægyptian mummy from the feet. The circulation of the blood, in such a case, must be obstructed on the whole surface of the body; and nothing at liberty but the head, which is the only part of the child that ought to be confined. Is it not surprising that common sense should not point out, even to the most ignorant, that those accursed bandages must heat the tender infant into a fever; must hinder the action of the muscles, and the play of the joints, so necessary to health and nutrition; and that while the reflux blood is obstructed in the veins, which run on the surface of the body, the arteries, which lie deep, without the reach of compression, are continually pouring their contents into the head, where the blood meets with no resistance? The vessels of the brain
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are naturally lax, and the very futures of the skull are yet unclosed. What are the consequences of this cruel swaddling? the limbs are wasted; the joints grow rickety; the brain is compressed, and a hydrocephalus, with a great head and sore eyes, ensues. I take this abominable practice to be one great cause of the bandy legs, diminutive bodies and large heads, so frequent in the south of France, and in Italy.

I was no less surprised to find the modern fashion of curling the hair, borrowed in a great measure from the coxcombs and coquettes of antiquity. I saw a bust of Nero in the gallery at Florence, the hair represented in rows of buckles, like that of a French *petit-maitre*, conformable to the picture drawn of him by Suetonius. *Circa cultum adeo pudendum, ut comam semper in gradus formatam peregrinatione Achaica, etiam pene verticem sumpserit.* I was very sorry however to find that this foppery came from Greece. As for Otho, he wore a *galericulum*, or tour, on account of thin hair, *propter raritatem capillorum*. He had no right to imitate the example of Julius Cæsar, who concealed his bald head with a wreath of laurel. But there is a bust in the Capitol of Julia Pia, the second wife of Septimus Severus, with a moveable peruke, dressed exactly in the fashionable mode, with this difference, that there is no part of it frizzled; nor is there any appearance of pomatum and powder. These improvements the beau-monde have borrowed from the natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

Modern Rome does not cover more than one-third of the space within the walls; and those parts

parts that were most frequented of old are now intirely abandoned. From the Capitol to the Coliseo, including the Forum Romanum and Boarium, there is nothing intire but one or two churches, built with the fragments of ancient edifices. You descend from the Capitol between the remaining pillars of two temples, the pedestals and part of the shafts sunk in the rubbish: then passing through the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, you proceed along the foot of Mons Palatinus, which stands on your right hand, quite covered with the ruins of the antient palace belonging to the Roman emperors, and at the foot of it, there are some beautiful detached pillars still standing. On the left you see the remains of the *Templum Pacis*, which seems to have been the largest and most magnificent of all the temples in Rome. It was built and dedicated by the emperor Vespasian, who brought into it all the treasure and precious vessels which he found in the temple of Jerusalem. The columns of the portico he removed from Nero's golden house, which he levelled with the ground. This temple was likewise famous for its library, mentioned by Aulus Gellius. Farther on, is the arch of Constantine on the right, a most noble piece of architecture, almost entire; with the remains of the *Meta Sudans* before it; and fronting you, the noble ruins of that vast amphitheatre, called the Colossæum, now Coliseo, which has been dismantled and dilapidated by the Gothic popes and princes of modern Rome to build and adorn their paultry palaces. Behind the amphitheatre were the thermæ of the same emperor Titus Vespasian. In the same quarter was the

Circus

Circus Maximus; and the whole space from hence on both sides, to the walls of Rome, comprehending above twice as much ground as the modern city, is almost covered with the monuments of antiquity. I suppose there is more concealed below ground than appears above. The miserable houses and even garden-walls of the peasants in this district, are built with these precious materials, I mean shafts and capitals of marble columns, heads, arms, legs, and mutilated trunks of statues. What pity it is that among all the remains of antiquity, at Rome, there is not one lodging-house remaining. I should be glad to know how the senators of Rome were lodged. I want to be better informed touching the *cavaedium*, the *focus*, the *ara deorum penatium*, the *conclavia*, *triclinia*, and *cœnationes*; the *atria* where the women resided, and employed themselves in the woolen manufacture; the *prætoria*, which were so spacious as to become a nuisance in the reign of Augustus; and the *Xysta*, which were shady walks between two porticos, where the men exercised themselves in the winter. I am disgusted by the modern taste of architecture, though I am no judge of the art. The churches and palaces of these days are crowded with petty ornaments, which distract the eye, and by breaking the design into a variety of little parts, destroy the effect of the whole. Every door and window has its separate ornaments, its moulding, frize, cornice, and tympanum; then there is such an assemblage of useless festoons, pillars, pilasters, with their architraves, entablatures, and I know not what, that nothing great or uniform remains to fill the

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the view; and we in vain look for that simplicity of grandeur, those large masses of light and shadow, and the inexpressible ΕΥΣΤΡΟΠΤΟΝ, which characterise the edifices of the antients. A great edifice, to have its full effect, ought to be *isolé*, that is detached from all others, with a large space around it: but the palaces of Rome, and indeed of all the other cities of Italy, which I have seen, are so engaged among other mean houses, that their beauty and magnificence are in a great measure concealed. Even those which face open streets and piazzas are only clear in front. The other apartments are darkened by the vicinity of ordinary houses; and their views are confined by dirty and disagreeable objects. Within the court there is generally a noble colonnade all round, and an open corridore above: but the stairs are usually narrow, steep, and high: the want of sash-windows, the dullness of their small glass lozenges, the dusty brick floors, and the crimson hangings laced with gold, contribute to give a gloomy air to their apartments; I might add to these causes, a number of pictures executed on melancholy subjects, antique mutilated statues, busts, basso relievos, urns, and sepulchral stones, with which their rooms are adorned. It must be owned, however, there are some exceptions to this general rule. The villa of cardinal Alexander Albani is light, gay, and airy; yet the rooms are too small, and too much decorated with carving and gilding, which is a kind of gingerbread work. The apartments of one of the princes Borghese are furnished in the English taste; and in the *palazzo di colonna connestabile*, there is a saloon, or gallery, which, for the proportions, lights, furniture, and ornaments, is

the most noble, elegant, and agreeable apartment I ever saw.

It is diverting to hear an Italian expatiate upon the greatness of modern Rome. He will tell you there are above three hundred palaces in the city; that there is scarce a Roman prince, whose revenue does not exceed two hundred thousand crowns; and that Rome produces not only the most learned men, but also the most refined politicians in the universe. To one of them talking in this strain, I replied, that instead of three hundred palaces, the number did not exceed fourscore; that I had been informed, on good authority, there were not six individuals in Rome who had so much as forty thousand crowns a year, about ten thousand pounds sterling; and that to say their princes were so rich, and their politicians so refined, was, in effect, a severe satire upon them, for not employing their wealth and their talents for the advantage of their country. I asked why their cardinals and princes did not invite and encourage industrious people to settle and cultivate the Campania of Rome, which is a desert? why they did not raise a subscription to drain the marshes in the neighbourhood of the city, and thus meliorate the air, which is rendered extremely unwholesome in the summer, by putrid exhalations from those morasses? I demanded of them, why they did not contribute their wealth, and exert their political refinements, in augmenting their forces by sea and land, for the defence of their country, introducing commerce and manufactures, and in giving some consequence to their state, which was no more than a mite in the political scale of Europe? I expressed a desire to know what became of all those
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sums of money, inasmuch as there was hardly any circulation of gold and silver in Rome, and the very bankers, on whom strangers have their credit, make interest to pay their tradesmen's bills with paper notes of the bank of Spirito Santo? And now I am upon this subject, it may not be amiss to observe that I was strangely misled by all the books I consulted about the current coin of Italy. In Tuscany, and the Ecclesiastical State, one sees nothing but zequines in gold, and pieces of two paoli, one paolo, and half a paolo, in silver. Besides these, there is a copper coin at Rome, called bajocco and mezzo bajocco. Ten bajocchi make a scudo, which is an imaginary piece: two scudi make a zequine; and a French louis d'ore is worth about two zequines.

Rome has nothing to fear from the catholic powers, who respect it with a superstitious veneration as the metropolitan seat of their religion: but the popes will do well to avoid misunderstandings with the maritime protestant states, especially the English, who being masters of the Mediterranean, and in possession of Minorca, have it in their power at all times, to land a body of troops within four leagues of Rome, and to take the city without opposition. Rome is surrounded with an old wall, but altogether incapable of defence. Or if it was, the circuit of the wall is so extensive, that it would require a garrison of twenty thousand men. The only appearance of a fortification in this city, is the castle of St. Angelo, situated on the further bank of the Tyber, to which there is access by a handsome bridge: but this castle, which was formerly the *moles Adriani*, could not hold out half a day against a battery of ten pieces

of cannon properly directed. It was an expedient left to the invention of the modern Romans, to convert an ancient tomb into a citadel. It could only serve as a temporary retreat for the pope in times of popular commotion, and on other sudden emergencies; as it happened in the case of pope Clement VII. when the troops of the emperor took the city by assault; and this only, while he resided at the Vatican, from whence there is a covered gallery continued to the castle: it can never serve this purpose again, while the pontiff lives on Monte Cavallo, which is at the other end of the city. The castle of St. Angelo, howsoever ridiculous as a fortress, appears respectable as a noble monument of antiquity, and though standing in a low situation, is one of the first objects that strike the eye of a stranger approaching Rome. On the opposite side of the river, are the wretched remains of the Mausoleum Augusti, which was still more magnificent. Part of the walls is standing, and the terraces are converted into garden-ground. In viewing these ruins, I remembered Virgil's pathetic description of Marcellus, who was here entombed.

*Quantos ille viram, magnum Mavortis ad urbem,
Campus aget gemitus, vel quæ Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præter labere recentem.*

The beautiful poem of Ovid *de Consolatione ad Liviam*, written after the ashes of Augustus and his nephew Marcellus, of Germanicus, Agrippa, and Drusus, were deposited in this mausoleum, concludes with these lines, which are extremely tender:

Claudite

L E T T E R X X X I. 101

*Claudite jam Parcæ nimium reſerata ſepulchra ;
Claudite, plus juſto, jam domus iſta patet !*

What the author ſaid of the monument, you will be tempted to ſay of this letter, which I ſhall therefore cloſe in the old ſtile, aſſuring you that I ever am,

Yours moſt affectionately.



L E T T E R X X X I.

Nice, March 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IN my laſt I gave you my opinion freely of the modern palaces of Italy. I ſhall now hazard my thoughts upon the gardens of this country, which the inhabitants extol with all the hyperboles of admiration and applauſe. I muſt acknowledge however, I have not ſeen the famous villas at Frascati and Tivoli, which are celebrated for their gardens and water-works. I intended to viſit theſe places; but was prevented by an unexpected change of weather, which deterred me from going to the country. On the laſt day of September, the mountains of Paleſtrina were covered with ſnow; and the air became ſo cold at Rome, that I was forced to put on my winter cloaths. This objection continued, till I found it neceſſary to ſet out on my return to Florence. But I have ſeen the gardens of the *Poggio Imperiale*, and the *Palazzo di Pitti* at Florence, and thoſe of the Vatican, of the pope's palace on Monte Cavallo, of the Villa Ludoviſia, Medicea, and Pinciana, at

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Rome;

Rome; so that I think I have some right to judge of the Italian taste in gardening. Among those I have mentioned, that of the Villa Pinciana is the most remarkable, and the most extensive, including a space of three miles in circuit, hard by the walls of Rome, containing a variety of situations high and low, which favour all the natural embellishments one would expect to meet with in a garden, and exhibit a diversity of noble views of the city and adjacent country.

In a fine extensive garden or park, an Englishman expects to see a number of groves and glades, intermixed with an agreeable negligence, which seems to be the effect of nature and accident. He looks for shady walks encrusted with gravel; for open lawns covered with verdure as smooth as velvet, but much more lively and agreeable; for ponds, canals, basins, cascades, and running streams of water; for clumps of trees, woods, and wildernesses, cut into delightful alleys, perfumed with honey-suckle and sweet briar, and resounding with the mingled melody of all the singing birds of heaven: he looks for plats of flowers in different parts to refresh the sense, and please the fancy; for arbours, grottos, hermitages, temples, and alcoves, to shelter him from the sun, and afford him means of contemplation and repose; and he expects to find the hedges, groves, and walks, and lawns kept with the utmost order and propriety. He who loves the beauties of simple nature, and the charms of neatness, will seek for them in vain amidst the groves of Italy. In the garden of the Villa Pinciana, there is a plantation of four hundred pines, or rather firs, which the Italians view with rapture and admiration: there is likewise a long

long walk, of trees extending from the garden-gate to the palace; and plenty of shade, with alleys and hedges in different parts of the ground: but the groves are neglected; the walks are laid with nothing but common mould or sand, black and dusty; the hedges are tall, thin and shabby; the trees stunted; the open ground, brown and parched, has scarce any appearance of verdure. The flat, regular alleys of evergreens are cut into fantastic figures; the flower-gardens embellished with thin cyphers and flourished figures in box, while the flowers grow in rows of earthen-pots, and the ground appears as dusky as if it was covered with the cinders of a blacksmith's forge. The water, of which there is great plenty, instead of being collected in large pieces, or conveyed in little rivulets and streams to refresh the thirsty soil, or managed so as to form agreeable cascades, is squirted from fountains in different parts of the garden, through tubes little bigger than common glyster-pipes. It must be owned indeed that the fountains have their merit in the way of sculpture and architecture; and that here is a great number of statues which merit attention: but they serve only to encumber the ground, and destroy that effect of rural simplicity, which our gardens are designed to produce. In a word, here we see a variety of walks and groves and fountains, a wood of four hundred pines, a paddock with a few meagre deer, a flower-garden, an aviary, a grotto, and a fish-pond; and in spite of all these particulars, it is, in my opinion, a very contemptible garden, when compared to that of Stowe in Buckinghamshire, or even to those of Kensington and Richmond. The Italians understand, because

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they study, the excellencies of art ; but they have no idea of the beauties of nature. This Villa Pinciana, which belongs to the Borghese family, would make a complete academy for painting and sculpture, especially for the study of ancient marbles ; for, exclusive of the statues and busts in the garden, and the vast collection in the different apartments, almost the whole outside of the house is covered with curious pieces in basso and alto rilievo. The most masterly is that of Curtius on horseback, leaping into the gulph or opening of the earth, which is said to have closed on receiving this sacrifice. Among the exhibitions of art within the house, I was much struck with a Bacchus, and the death of Meleager, represented on an ancient sepulchre. There is also an admirable statue of Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms, a most beautiful gladiator ; a curious Moor of black marble, with a shirt of white alabaster ; a finely proportioned bull of black marble also, standing upon a table of alabaster ; a black gipsy with a head, hands, and feet of brass ; and the famous hermaphrodite, which vies with that of Florence : though the most curious circumstance of this article, is the mattrafs executed and placed by Bernini, with such art and dexterity, that to the view, it rivals the softness of wool, and seems to retain the marks of pressure, according to the figure of the superincumbent statue. Let us likewise own, for the honour of the moderns, that the same artist has produced two fine statues, which we find among the ornaments of this villa, namely, a David with his sling in the attitude of throwing the stone at the giant Goliath ; and a Daphne changing into laurel at the approach of Apollo.

Apollo. On the base of this figure, are the two following elegant lines, written by pope Urban VIII. in his younger years.

*Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.*

I ought not to forget two exquisite antique statues of Venus, the weeping slave, and the youth pulling a thorn out of his foot.

I do not pretend to give a methodical detail of the curiosities of Rome: they have been already described by different authors, who were much better qualified than I am for the task: but you shall have what observations I made on the most remarkable objects, without method, just as they occur to my remembrance; and I protest the remarks are all my own: so that if they deserve any commendation, I claim all the merit; and if they are impertinent, I must be contented to bear all the blame.

The piazza of St. Peter's church is altogether sublime. The double colonnade on each side extending in a semi-circular sweep, the stupendous Egyptian obelisk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form such an assemblage of magnificent objects, as cannot fail to impress the mind with awe and admiration: but the church would have produced a still greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican. It would then have been a master-piece of architecture, complete in all its parts, intire and perfect: whereas, at present, it is no more than a beautiful member attached to a vast undigested and irregular pile of building. As to the architecture of this famous

temple, I shall say nothing; neither do I pretend to describe the internal ornaments. The great picture of Mosaic work, and that of St. Peter's bark tossed by the tempest, which appear over the gate of the church, though rude in comparison with modern pieces, are nevertheless great curiosities, when considered as the work of Giotto, who flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His master was Cimabue, who learned painting and architecture of the Grecian artists, who came from Constantinople, and first revived these arts in Italy. But, to return to St. Peter's, I was not at all pleased with the famous statue of the dead Christ in his Mother's lap, by Michael Angelo. The figure of Christ is as much emaciated, as if he had died of a consumption: besides, there is something indelicate, not to say indecent, in the attitude and design of a man's body, stark naked, lying upon the knees of a woman. Here are some good pictures, I should rather say copies of good pictures, done in Mosaic to great perfection; particularly a St. Sebastian by Domenichino, and Michael the Archangel, from a painting of Guido Rheni. I am extremely fond of all this artist's pieces. There is a tenderness and delicacy in his manner; and his figures are all exquisitely beautiful, though his expression is often erroneous, and his attitudes are always affected and unnatural. In this very piece the archangel has all the air of a French dancing-master; and I have seen a Madonna by the same hand, I think it is in the Palazzo di Barberini, in which, though the figures are enchanting, the Virgin is represented holding up the drapery of the Infant, with the ridiculous affectation of a singer on the stage of our Italian opera.

opera. The Mosaic work, though brought to a wonderful degree of improvement, and admirably calculated for churches, the dampness of which is pernicious to the colours of the pallet, I will not yet compare to the productions of the pencil. The glassyness (if I may be allowed the expression) of the surface, throws, in my opinion, a false light on some parts of the picture; and when you approach it, the joinings of the pieces look like so many cracks on painted canvas. Besides, this method is extremely tedious and expensive. I went to see the artists at work in a house that stands near the church, where I was much pleased with the ingenuity of the process; and not a little surprised at the great number of different colours and tints, which are kept in separate draws, marked with numbers as far as seventeen thousand. For a single head done in Mosaic, they asked me fifty sequines. But to return to the church. The altar of St. Peter's choir, notwithstanding all the ornaments which have been lavished upon it, is no more than a heap of puerile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of the Greek architecture. The four colossal figures that support the chair, are both clumsy and disproportioned. The drapery of statues, whether in brass or stone, when thrown into large masses, appears hard and unpleasant to the eye; and for that reason the ancients always imitated wet linen, which exhibiting the shape of the limbs underneath, and hanging in a multiplicity of wet folds, gives an air of lightness, softness, and ductility to the whole.

These two statues weigh 116257 pounds, and as they sustain nothing but a chair, are out of all proportion,

proportion, inasmuch as the supporters ought to be suitable to the things supported. Here are four giants holding up the old wooden chair of the apostle Peter, if we may believe the book *De Identitate Cathedræ Romanæ*. The implements of popish superstition; such as relicks of pretended saints, ill proportioned spires and bellfreys, and the nauseous repetition of the figure of the cross, which is in itself a very mean and disagreeable object, only fit for the prisons of condemned criminals, have contributed to introduce a vitious taste into the external architecture, as well as in the internal ornaments of our temples. All churches are built in the figure of a cross, which effectually prevents the eye from taking in the scope of the building, either without side or within; consequently robs the edifice of its proper effect. The palace of the Escurial in Spain is laid out in the shape of a gridiron, because the convent was built in consequence of a vow to St. Laurence, who was broiled to death like a barbecued pig. What pity it is, that the labours of painting should have been so much employed on the shocking subjects of the martyrology. Besides numberless pictures of the flagellation, crucifixion, and descent from the cross, we have Judith with the head of Holofernes, Herodias with the head of John the Baptist, Jael assassinating Sisera in his sleep, Peter writhing on the cross, Stephen battered with stones, Sebastian stuck full of arrows, Laurence frying upon the coals, Bartholomew flayed alive, and a hundred other pictures equally frightful, which can only serve to fill the mind with gloomy ideas, and encourage a spirit of religious fanaticism, which has always been attend-
ed

ed with mischievous consequences to the community where it reigned.

The tribune of the great altar, consisting of four wreathed brass pillars, gilt, supporting a canopy, is doubtless very magnificent, if not overcharged with sculpture, fluting, foliage, festoons, and figures of boys and angels, which, with the hundred and twenty two lamps of silver, continually burning below, serve rather to dazzle the eyes, and kindle the devotion of the ignorant vulgar, than to excite the admiration of a judicious observer.

There is nothing, I believe, in this famous structure, so worthy of applause, as the admirable symmetry and proportion of its parts. Notwithstanding all the carving, gilding, basso relievos, medallions, urns, statues, columns, and pictures with which it abounds, it does not, on the whole, appear over-crowded with ornaments. When you first enter, your eye is filled so equally and regularly, that nothing appears stupendous; and the church seems considerably smaller than it really is. The statues of children, that support the fountains of holy water when observed from the door, seem to be of the natural size; but as you draw near, you perceive they are gigantic. In the same manner, the figures of the doves, with olive branches in their beaks, which are represented on the wall, appear to be within your reach; but as you approach them, they recede to a considerable height, as if they had flown upwards to avoid being taken.

I was much disappointed at sight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top. The portico

portico which Agrippa added to the building, is undoubtedly very noble, though, in my opinion, it corresponds but ill with the simplicity of the edifice. With all my veneration for the antients, I cannot see in what the beauty of the rotunda consists. It is no more than a plain unpierced cylinder, or circular wall, with two fillets and a cornice, having a vaulted roof or cupola, open in the centre. I mean the original building, without considering the vestibule of Agrippa. Within side it has much the air of a mausoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, suggested the thought to Boniface IV. to transport hither eight and twenty cart-loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the blessed Virgin and all the holy martyrs. I am not one of those who think it is well lighted by the hole at the top, which is about nine and twenty feet in diameter, although the author of the Grand Tour calls it but nine. The same author says, there is a descent of eleven steps to go into it; that it is a hundred and forty-four feet in height, and as many in breadth; that it was covered with copper, which, with the brass nails of the portico, pope Urban VIII. took away, and converted into the four wreathed pillars that support the canopy of the high altar in the church of St. Peter, &c. The truth is, before the time of pope Alexander VII. the earth was so raised as to cover part of the temple, and there was a descent of some steps into the porch: but that pontiff ordered the ground to be pared away to the very pedestal or base of the portico, which is now even with the street, so that there is no descent whatsoever.

The

The height is two hundred palmi, and the breadth two hundred and eighteen ; which, reckoning the palmi at nine inches, will bring the height to one hundred and fifty, and the breadth to one hundred and sixty three feet six inches. It was not any covering of copper which pope Urban VIII. removed, but large brass beams, which supported the roof the portico. They weighed 186392 pounds ; and afforded metal enough not only for the pillars in St. Peter's church, but also for several pieces of artillery. What is more extraordinary, the gilding of those columns is said to have cost forty thousand golden crowns : sure money was never worse laid out. Urban VIII. likewise added two bellfrey towers to the rotunda ; and I wonder he did not cover the central hole with glass, as it must be very inconvenient and disagreeable to those who go to church below, to be exposed to the rain in wet weather, which must also render it very damp and unwholesome. I visited it several times, and each time it looked more and more gloomy and sepulchral.

The magnificence of the Romans was not so conspicuous in their temples, as in their theatres, amphitheatres, circusses, naumachia, aqueducts, triumphal arches, porticoes, basilicæ, but especially their thermæ, or bathing-places. A great number of their temples were small and inconsiderable ; not one of them was comparable either for size or magnificence, to the modern church of St. Peter of the Vatican. The famous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was neither half so long, nor half so broad : it was but two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth ; whereas the length of St. Peter's extends

tends to six hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the breadth to above five hundred. It is very near twice as large as the temple of Jupiter Olympius in Greece, which was counted one of the seven wonders of the world. But I shall take another opportunity to explain myself further on the antiquities of this city ; a subject, upon which I am disposed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumstantial. When I begin to run riot, you should check me with the freedom of a friend. The most distant hint will be sufficient to,

Dear Sir,

Yours assuredly.



L E T T E R XXXII.

Nice, March 10, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE Colossæum or amphitheatre built by Flavius Vespasian, is the most stupendous work of the kind which antiquity can produce. Near one half of the external circuit still remains, consisting of four tiers of arcades, adorned with columns of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. The height and extent of it may be guessed from the number of spectators it contained, amounting to one hundred thousand ; and yet, according to Fontana's mensuration, it could not contain above thirty-four thousand persons sitting, allowing a foot and an half for each person : for the circuit of the whole building did not exceed one thousand five hundred and

and sixty feet. The amphitheatre at Verona is one thousand two hundred and ninety feet in circumference; and that of Nismes, one thousand and eighty. The Colossæum was built by Vespasian, who employed thirty thousand Jewish slaves in the work; but finished and dedicated by his son Titus, who, on the first day of its being opened, produced fifty thousand wild beasts, which were all killed in the arena. The Romans were undoubtedly a barbarous people, who delighted in horrible spectacles. They viewed with pleasure the dead bodies of criminals dragged through the streets, or thrown down the Scalæ Gemoniæ and Tarpeian rock, for their contemplation. Their rostra were generally adorned with the heads of some remarkable citizens, like Temple-Bar, at London. They even bore the sight of Tully's head fixed upon that very rostrum where he had so often ravished their ears with all the charms of eloquence, in pleading the cause of innocence and public virtue. They took delight in seeing their fellow-creatures torn in pieces by wild beasts, in the amphitheatre. They shouted with applause when they saw a poor dwarf or slave killed by his adversary; but their transports were altogether extravagant, when the devoted captives were obliged to fight in troops, till one side was entirely butchered by the other. Nero produced four hundred senators, and six hundred of the equestrian order, as gladiators in the public arena: even the women fought with wild beasts, as well as with each other, and drenched the amphitheatres with their blood. Tacitus says, "*Sed fœminarum illustrium, senatorumque filiorum plures per arenam fœdati sunt.*"

sunt." The execrable custom of sacrificing captives or slaves at the tombs of their masters and great men, which is still preserved among the negroes of Africa, obtained also among the antients, Greeks as well as Romans. I could never, without horror and indignation, read that passage in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, which describes twelve valiant Trojan captives sacrificed by the inhuman Achilles at the tomb of his friend Patroclus.

Δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθυμῶν νεῆας ἐσθλὰς
 Τὴς ἅμα σοι πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει.

It is not all clear to me, that a people is the more brave, the more they are accustomed to bloodshed in their public entertainments. True bravery is not savage but humane. Some of this sanguinary spirit is inherited by the inhabitants of a certain island that shall be nameless—but, mum for that: You will naturally suppose that the Coliseo was ruined by the barbarians who sacked the city of Rome: in effect, they robbed it of its ornaments and valuable materials; but it was reserved for the Goths and Vandals of modern Rome, to dismantle the edifice, and reduce it to its present ruinous condition. One part of it was demolished by pope Paul II. that he might employ the stones of it in building the palace of St. Mark. It was afterwards dilapidated for the same purposes, by the cardinals Riarius and Farnese, which last assumed the tiara under the name of Paul III. Notwithstanding these injuries, there is enough standing to convey a very sublime idea of antient magnificence.

The

The Circi and Naumachia, if considered as buildings and artificial basins, are admirable ; but if examined as *areæ* intended for horse and chariot-races, and artificial seas for exhibiting naval engagements, they seem to prove that the anti-ent Romans were but indifferently skilled and exercised either in horsemanship or naval armaments. The inclosure of the emperor Caracalla's circus is still standing, and scarce affords breathing room for an English hunter. The Circus Maximus, by far the largest in Rome, was not so long as the Mall ; and I will venture to affirm, that St James's Park would make a much more ample and convenient scene for those diversions. I imagine an old Roman would be very much surprised to see an English race on the course at New-Market. The Circus Maximus was but three hundred yards in breadth. A good part of this was taken up by the *spina*, or middle space, adorned with temples, statues, and two great obelisks ; as well as by the *euripus*, or canal, made by order of Julius Cæsar, to contain crocodiles, and other aquatic animals, which were killed occasionally. This was so large, that Heliogabalus, having filled it with excellent wine, exhibited naval engagements in it, for the amusement of the people. It surrounded three sides of the square, so that the whole extent of the race did not much exceed an English mile ; and when Probus was at the expence of filling the plain of it with fir-trees to form a wood for the chace of wild beasts, I question much if this forest was more extensive than the plantation in St. James's Park, on the south side of the canal : now I leave you to judge what ridicule a king of England would incur by
converting

converting this part of the park into a chace for any species of animals which are counted game in our country.

The Roman emperors seemed more disposed to elevate and surprize, than to conduct the public diversions according to the rules of reason and propriety. One would imagine, it was with this view they instituted their naumachia, or naval engagements. performed by half a dozen small gallies of a side in an artificial basin of fresh water. These gallies I suppose were not so large as common fishing-smacks, for they were moved by two, three, and four oars of a side, according to their different rates, biremes, triremes, and quadriremes. I know this is a knotty point not yet determined; and that some antiquarians believe the Roman gallies had different tires or decks of oars; but this is a notion very ill supported, and quite contrary to all the figures of them that are preserved on the antient coins and medals. Suetonius in the reign of Domitian, speaking of these naumachia, says, "*Edidit navales pugnas, pene justarum classium, effosso, et circumducto juxta Tyberim Lacu, atque inter maximas imbres prospectavit.*" This artificial lake was not larger than the piece of water in Hyde-Park; and yet the historian says, it was almost large enough for real or intire fleets. How would it sound in the ears of a British sailor, an advertisement that a mock engagement between two squadrons of men of war would be exhibited on such a day in the Serpentine river? or that the ships of the line taken from the enemy, would be carried in procession from Hyde-Park-Corner to Tower-wharf? Certain it is, Lucullus, in one of his triumphs, had one hundred
and

and ten ships of war (*naves longas*) carried through the streets of Rome. Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power, than this testimony of their historians, who declare that their seamen or mariners were formed by exercising small row-boats in an inclosed pool of fresh water. Had they not the sea within a few miles of them, and the river Tyber running through their capital! even this would have been much more proper for exercising their watermen, than a pond of still-water, not much larger than a cold-bath. I do believe in my conscience that half a dozen English frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of Actium, which has been so much celebrated in the annals of antiquity, as an event that decided the fate of the empire.

It would employ me a whole month to describe the thermæ or baths, the vast ruins of which are still to be seen within the walls of Rome, like the remains of so many separate citadels. The thermæ Dioclesianæ might be termed an august academy for the use and instruction of the Roman people. The pinacotheca of this building was a complete musæum of all the curiosities of art and nature; and there were public schools for all the sciences. If I may judge by my eye, however, the thermæ Antonianæ built by Caracalla, were still more extensive and magnificent; they contained cells sufficient for two thousand three hundred persons to bathe at one time, without being seen by one another. They were adorned with all the charms of painting, architecture, and sculpture. The pipes for conveying the water were of silver. Many of the lavacra were of
precious

precious marble, illuminated by lamps of chryſtal. Among the ſtatues, were found the famous Toro, and Hercole Farnefe.

Bathing was certainly neceſſary to health and cleanlineſs in a hot country like Italy, eſpecially before the uſe of linen was known: but theſe purpoſes would have been much better answered by plunging into the Tyber, than by uſing the warm bath in the thermæ, which became altogether a point of luxury borrowed from the effeminate Aſiatics, and tended to debilitate the fibres already too much relaxed by the heat of the climate. True it is, they had baths of cool-water for the ſummer: but in general they uſed it milk-warm, and often perfumed: they likewise indulged in vapour-baths, in order to enjoy a pleaſing relaxation, which they likewise improved with odoriferous ointments. The thermæ conſiſted of a great variety of parts and conveniences; the natationes, or ſwimming-places; the portici, where people amused themſelves in walking, converſing, and diſputing together, as Cicero ſays, *In porticibus deambulantes diſputabant*; the baſilicæ, where the bathers aſſembled, before they entered, and after they came out of the bath; the atria, or ample courts, adorned with noble colonnades of Numidian marble and oriental granite; the ephibia, where the young men inured themſelves to wreſtling and other exerciſes; the frigidaria, or places kept cool by a conſtant draught of air, promoted by the diſpoſition and number of the windows; the calidaria, where the water was warmed for the baths; the platanones, or delightful groves of ſycamore; the ſtadia, for the performances of the athletæ; the exedræ, or reſting places, provided
with

with seats for those that were weary; the palestræ, where every one chose that exercise which pleased him best; the gymnasia, where poets, orators, and philosophers recited their works, and harangued for diversion; the eleotesia, where the fragrant oils and ointments were kept for the use of the bathers; and the conisteria, where the wrestlers were smeared with sand before they engaged. Of the thermæ in Rome, some were mercenary, and some opened gratis. Marcus Agrippa, when he was edile, opened one hundred and seventy private baths, for the use of the people. In the public baths, where money was taken, each person paid a quadrans, about the value of our halfpenny, as Juvenal observes,

“ Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.”

But after the hour of bathing was past, it sometimes cost a great deal more, according to Martial.

*“ Balnea post decimam, lasso centumque petuntur
Quadrantes ————— ”*

Though there was no distinction in the places, between the first patrician and the lowest plebeian, yet the nobility used their own silver and gold plate, for washing, eating, and drinking in the bath, together with towels of the finest linen. They likewise made use of the instrument called strigil, which was a kind of flesh-brush; a custom to which Persius alludes in this line,

“ I puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.”

The common people contented themselves with sponges. The bathing time was from noon till
the

the evening, when the Romans ate their principal meal. Notice was given by a bell, or some such instrument, when the baths were opened, as we learn from Juvenal,

“*Redde Pilam, sonat Æs thermarum, ludere
pergis?*”

Virgine vis sola lotus abire domum.”

There were separate places for the two sexes; and indeed there were baths opened for the use of women only, at the expence of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and some other matrons of the first quality. The use of bathing was become so habitual to the constitutions of the Romans, that Galen, in his book *De Sanitate tuenda*, mentions a certain philosopher, who, if he intermitted but one day in his bathing, was certainly attacked with a fever. In order to preserve decorum in the baths, a set of laws and regulations were published, and the thermæ were put under the inspection of a censor, who was generally one of the first senators in Rome. Agrippa left his gardens and baths, which stood near the pantheon, to the Roman people: among the statues that adorned them was that of a youth naked as going into the bath, so elegantly formed by the hand of Lysippus, that Tiberius, being struck with the beauty of it, ordered it to be transferred into his own palace: but the populace raised such a clamour against him, that he was fain to have it reconveyed to its former place. These noble baths were restored by Adrian, as we read in Spartian; but at present no part of them remains.

With respect to the present state of the old aqueducts, I can give you very little satisfaction. I
only

only saw the ruins of that which conveyed the aqua Claudia, near the Porta Maggiore, and the Piazza of the Lateran. You know there were fourteen of those antient aqueducts, some of which brought water to Rome from the distance of forty miles. The channels of them were large enough to admit a man armed on horseback; and therefore when Rome was besieged by the Goths, who had cut off the water, Belisarius fortified them with works to prevent the enemy from entering the city by those conveyances. After that period, I suppose the antient aqueducts continued dry, and were suffered to run to ruins. Without all doubt, the Romans were greatly obliged to those benefactors, who raised such stupendous works for the benefit, as well as the embellishment of their city: but it might have been supplied with the same water through pipes at one hundredth part of the expence; and in that case the enemy would not have found it such an easy matter to cut it off. Those popes who have provided the modern city so plentifully with excellent water, are much to be commended for the care and expence they have bestowed in restoring the streams called aqua Virgine, aqua Felici, and aqua Paolina, which afford such abundance of water as would plentifully supply a much larger city than modern Rome.

It is no wonder that M. Agrippa, the son-in-law, friend, and favourite of Augustus, should at the same time have been the idol of the people, considering how surprisngly he exerted himself for the emolument, convenience, and pleasure of his fellow-citizens. It was he who first conducted

this aqua Virgine to Rome: he formed seven hundred reservoirs in the city; erected one hundred and five fountains; one hundred and thirty *castella*, or conduits, which works he adorned with three hundred statues, and four hundred pillars of marble, in the space of one year. He also brought into Rome, the aqua Julia, and restored the aqueduct of the aqua Marzia, which had fallen to decay. I have already observed the great number of baths which he opened for the people, and the magnificent thermæ, with spacious gardens, which he bequeathed to them as a legacy. But these benefactions, great and munificent as they seem to be, were not the most important services he performed for the city of Rome. The common-sewers were first made by order of Tarquinius Priscus, not so much with a view to cleanliness, as by way of subterranean drains to the Velabrum, which was marshy, and in order to carry off the stagnant water, which remained in the lower parts, after heavy rains. The different branches of these channels united at the Forum, from whence by the cloaca Maxima, their contents were conveyed into the Tyber. This great cloaca was the work of Tarquinius Superbus. Other sewers were added by Marcus Cato, and Valerius Flaccus, the censors. All these drains having been choaked up and ruinous, were cleared and restored by Marcus Agrippa, who likewise undermined the whole city with canals of the same kind, for carrying off the filth; he strengthened and enlarged the cloaca maxima, so as to make it capable of receiving a large cart loaded with hay; and directed seven streams of water into these subterranean passages, in order to keep them always clean and open.

open. If, notwithstanding all these conveniencies, Vespasian was put to great expence in removing the ordure from the public streets, we have certainly a right to conclude that the antient Romans were not more cleanly than the modern Italians.

After the mausolea of Augustus, and Adrian, which I have already mentioned, the most remarkable antient sepulchres at Rome, are those of Caius Cestius, and Cecilia Metella. The first, which stands by the Porta di S. Paolo, is a beautiful pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high, still preserved intire, having a vaulted chamber within-side, adorned with some ancient painting, which is now almost effaced. The building is of brick, but cased with marble. This Caius Cestius had been consul, was very rich, and acted as one of the seven *Epulones*, who superintended the feasts of the gods, called *Lectisternia*, and *Pervigilia*. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his friend M. Agrippa, who was so generous as to give it up to the relations of the testator. The monument of Cecilia Metella, commonly called *Capo di Bove*, is without the walls on the Via Appia. This lady was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife to Crassus, who erected this noble monument to her memory. It consisted of two orders, or stories, the first of which was a square of hewn stone: the second was a circular tower, having a cornice, adorned with ox heads in basso relievo, a circumstance from which it takes the name of *Capo di Bove*. The ox was supposed to be a most grateful sacrifice to the gods. Pliny, speaking of bulls and oxen, says,

“Hinc viſtimæ optimæ et laudatiſſima deorum placatio.”

This tower was ſurmounted by a noble cupola or dome, enriched with all the ornaments of architecture. The door of the building was of braſs; and within ſide the aſhes of Cecilia were depoſited in a fluted marble urn, of curious workmanſhip, which is ſtill kept in the Palazzo Farneſe. At preſent the ſurface of the ground is raiſed ſo much as to cover the firſt order of the edifice: what we ſee is no more than the round tower, without the dome and its ornaments; and the following inſcription ſtill remains near the top, facing the Via Appia.

CÆCILIAE
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

Now we are talking of ſepulchral inſcriptions, I ſhall conclude this letter with the copy of a very ſingular will, made by Favonius Jocundus, who died in Portugal, by which will the precise ſituation of the famous temple of Sylvanus is aſcertained.

“Jocundi.

Ego Gallus Favonius Jocundus P. Favoni F. qui bello contra Viriatum Succubui, Jocundum et Prudentem filios, e me et Quintia Fabia conjuge mea ortos, et Bonorum Jocundi Patris mei, et eorum, quæ mihi ipſi acquiſivi hæredes relinquo; hæc tamen conditione, ut ab urbe Romana hæc veniant, et oſſa hæc mea, intra quinquennium exportent, et via Latina condant

condant in sepulchro, jussu meo condito, et mea voluntate; in quo velim neminem mecum, neque servum, neque libertum inferi; et velim ossa quorumcunque sepulchro statim meo eruantur, et jura Romanorum serventur, in sepulchris ritu majorum retinendis, juxta voluntatem testatoris; et si secus fecerint, nisi legitimæ oriantur causæ, velim ea omnia, quæ filiis meis relinquo, pro reparando templo dei Sylvani, quod sub Viminali monte est, attribui; manesquæ mei a Pont. max; a flaminibus dialibus, qui in capitolio sunt, opem implorent, ad liberorum meorum impietatem ulciscendam; teneanturque sacerdotes dei Sylvani, me in urbem referre, et sepulchro me meo condere. Volo quoque vernas qui domi meæ sunt, omnes a prætore urbano liberos, cum matribus dimitti, singulisque libram argenti puri, et vestem unam dari. In Lusitania. In agro VIII. Cal Quintilis, bello Viriatio.

My paper scarce affords room to assure you that I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, &c.



L E T T E R XXXIII.

Nice, March 30, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU must not imagine I saw one half of the valuable pictures and statues of Rome; there is such a vast number of both in this capital, that I might have spent a whole year in taking

even a transient view of them; and, after all, some of them would have been overlooked. The most celebrated pieces, however, I have seen; and therefore my curiosity is satisfied. Perhaps, if I had the nice discernment and delicate sensibility of a true connoisseur, this superficial glimpse would have served only to whet my appetite, and to detain me the whole winter at Rome. In my progress through the Vatican, I was much pleased with the School of Athens, by Raphael, a piece which had suffered from the dampness of the air. The four boys attending to the demonstration of a mathematician are admirably varied in the expression. Mr. Webb's criticism on this artist is certainly just. He was perhaps the best ethic painter that ever the world produced. No man ever expressed the sentiments so happily, in visage, attitude, and gesture: but he seems to have had too much phlegm to strike off the grand passions, or reach the sublime parts of painting. He has the serenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer. There is nothing in his Parnassus which struck me, but the ludicrous impropriety of Apollo's playing upon a fiddle, for the entertainment of the nine muses.

The Last Judgment, by Buonaroti, in the chapel of Sixtus IV. produced to my eye the same sort of confusion, that perplexes my ear at a grand concert, consisting of a great variety of instruments: or rather, when a number of people are talking all at once. I was pleased with the strength of expression, exhibited in single figures, and separate groupes: but, the whole together is a mere mob, without subordination, keeping, or repose. A painter ought to avoid all subjects
that

that require a multiplicity of groupes and figures; because it is not in the power of that art to unite a great number in one point of view, so as to maintain that dependence which they ought to have upon one another. Michael Angelo, with all his skill in anatomy, his correctness of design, his grand composition, his fire, and force of expression, seems to have had very little idea of grace. One would imagine he had chosen his kings, heroes, cardinals, and prelates, from among the *faccbini* of Rome; that he really drew his Jesus on the Cross, from the agonies of some vulgar assassin expiring on the wheel; and that the originals of his Bambini, with their mothers, were literally found in a stable. In the Sala Regia, from whence the Sistine chapel is detached, we see, among other exploits of catholic heroes, a representation of the massacre of the protestants in Paris, Tholouse, and other parts of France, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, thus described in the *Descrizione di Roma*, “Nella prima pittura, esprime Giorgio Vasari l’istoria del Coligni, grand’ amiraglio di Francia, che come capo de ribelli, e degl’ ugonotti, fu ucciso; e nell’ altra vicina, la strage fatta in Parigi, e nel regno, de rebelli, e degl’ Ugonotti.” In the first picture, George Vasari represents the history of Coligni, high admiral of France, who was slain as head of the rebels and hugonots; and in another near it, the slaughter that was made of said rebels and hugonots in Paris and other parts of the kingdom.” Thus the court of Rome hath employed their artists to celebrate and perpetuate as a meritorious action, the most perfidious, cruel, and infamous massacre, that ever disgraced the annals of any nation.

I need not mention the two equestrian statues of Constantine the Great, and Charlemagne, which stand at opposite ends of the great portico of St. Peter's church; because there is nothing in them which particularly engaged my attention. The sleeping Cleopatra, as you enter the court of the Belvedere, in the Vatican, is much admired; but I was better pleased with the Apollo, which I take to be the most beautiful statue that ever was formed. The Nile, which lies in the open court, surmounted with the little children, has infinite merit; but is much damaged, and altogether neglected. Whether it is the same described in Pliny, as having been placed by Vespasian in the Temple of Peace, I do not know. The sixteen children playing about it, denoted the swelling of the Nile, which never rose above sixteen cubits. As for the famous groupe of Laocoon, it surpassed my expectation. It was not without reason that Buonaroti called it a portentous work; and Pliny has done it no more than justice in saying it is the most excellent piece that ever was cut in marble; and yet the famous Fulvius Ursini is of opinion that this is not the same statue which Pliny described. His reasons, mentioned by Montfaucon, are these. The statues described by Pliny were of one stone; but these are not. Antonioli, the antiquary, has in his possession, pieces of Laocoon's snakes, which were found in the ground, where the baths of Titus actually stood, agreeably to Pliny, who says these statues were placed in the buildings of Titus. Be that as it may, the work which we now see does honour to antiquity. As you have seen innumerable copies and casts of it, in marble, plaster, copper,

copper, lead, drawings, and prints, and read the description of it in Keyflar, and twenty other books of travels, I shall say nothing more on the subject; but that neither they nor I, nor any other person, could say too much in its praise. It is not of one piece indeed. In that particular Pliny himself might be mistaken. "*Opus omnibus et picturæ, et statuariæ artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide eum et Liberos draconumque mirabiles nexus de consilii sententia fecere summi artifices.*" Buonaroti discovered the joinings, though they were so artfully concealed as to be invisible. This amazing groupe is the work of three Rhodian sculptors, called Agesander, Polydore, and Athenodorus, and was found in the thermæ of Titus Vespasian, still supposing it to be the true antique. As for the *torso*, or mutilated trunk of a statue, which is called the School of Michael Angelo, I had not time to consider it attentively; nor taste enough to perceive its beauties at first sight. The famous horses on Monte Cavallo, before the pope's palace, which are said to have been made in emulation, by Phidias and Praxiteles, I have seen, and likewise those in the front of the Capitol, with the statues of Castor and Pollux; but what pleased me infinitely more than all of them together, is the equestrian statue of Corinthian brass, standing in the middle of this Piazza (I mean at the Capitol) said to represent the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others suppose it was intended for Lucius Verus; a third set of antiquaries contend for Lucius Septimius Severus; and a fourth, for Constantine, because it stood in the Piazza of the Lateran palace, built by that emperor, from whence pope Paul III. caused it to be

removed to the Capitol. I considered the trophy of Marius as a very curious piece of sculpture, and admired the two sphinxes at the bottom of the stairs leading to this Piazza, as the only good representations of life I had ever seen from Ægypt: for the two idols of that country, which stand in the ground-floor of the Musæum of the Capitol, and indeed all the Ægyptian statues in the Camera Ægyptiaca of this very building, are such monstrous misrepresentations of nature, that they never could have obtained a place among the statues of Rome, except as curiosities of foreign superstition, or on account of the materials, as they are generally of basaltes, porphyry, or oriental granite.

At the farther end of the court of this Musæum, fronting the entrance, is a handsome fountain, with the statue of a river-god reclining on his urn; this is no other than the famous Marforio, so called from its having been found in Martis Foro. It is remarkable only as being the conveyance of the answers to the satires which are found pasted upon Pasquin, another mutilated statue, standing at the corner of a street.

The marble coffin, supposed to have contained the ashes of Alexander Severus, which we find in one of these apartments, is a curious antique, valuable for its sculpture in basso relievo, especially for the figures on the cover, representing that emperor and his mother Julia Mammea.

I was sorry I had not time to consider the anti-ent plan of Rome, disposed in six classes, on the stair-case of this Musæum, which was brought hither from a temple that stood in the Forum Boarium, now called Campo Vaccino.

It

It would be ridiculous in me to enter into a detail of the vast collection of marbles, basso-relievos, inscriptions, urns, busts, and statues, which are placed in the upper apartments of this edifice. I saw them but once, and then I was struck with the following particulars. A bacchanalian drunk; a Jupiter and Leda, at least equal to that in the gallery at Florence; an old *præfica*, or hired mourner, very much resembling those wrinkled hags still employed in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, to sing the *coronach* at funerals, in praise of the deceased; the famous Antinous, an elegant figure, which Poussin studied as the canon or rule of symmetry; the two fauns; and above all the *mirmillone*, or dying gladiator; the attitude of the body, the expression of the countenance, the elegance of the limbs, and the swelling of the muscles, in this statue, are universally admired; but the execution of the back is incredibly delicate. The course of the muscles called *longissimi dorfi*, are so naturally marked and tenderly executed, that the marble actually emulates the softness of flesh; and you may count all the spines of the vertebræ, raising up the skin as in the living body; yet this statue, with all its merit, seems inferior to the celebrated dying gladiator of Ctesilas, as described by Pliny, who says the expression of it was such, as appears altogether incredible. In the court, on the opposite side of the Capitol, there is an admirable statue of a lion devouring an horse, which was found by the gate of Ostia, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and here on the left hand, under a colonade, is what they call the *Columna Rostrata*, erected in honour of Caius Duilius, who first triumphed over the Carthaginians.

ans by sea. But this is a modern pillar, with the old inscription, which is so defaced as not to be legible. Among the pictures in the gallery and saloon above, what pleased me most was the Bacchus and Ariadne of Guido Rheni; and the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, by Rubens. The court of the Palazzo Farnese is surrounded with antique statues, among which the most celebrated are, the Flora, with a most delicate drapery; the gladiator, with a dead boy over his shoulder; the Hercules, with the spoils of the Nemean lion; but that which the connoisseurs justly esteem above all the rest is the Hercules, by Glycon, which you know as well as I do, by the great reputation it has acquired. This admirable statue having been found without the legs, these were supplied by Guilielmo de la Porta so happily, that when afterwards the original limbs were discovered, Michael Angelo preferred the modern ones, both in grace and proportion; and they have been retained accordingly. In a little house, or shed, behind the court, is preserved the wonderful groupe of Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farnese, which was brought hither from the thermæ Caracallæ. There is such spirit, ferocity, and indignant resistance expressed in the bull, to whose horns Dirce is tied by the hair, that I have never seen any thing like it, either upon canvass, or in stone. The statues of the two brothers endeavouring to throw him into the sea are beautiful figures, finely contrasted; and the rope, which one of them holds in a sort of loose coil, is so surprizingly chizzelled, that one can hardly believe it is of stone. As for Dirce herself, she seems to be but a subaltern character; but there is a dog upon his hind legs

legs barking at the bull, which is much admired. This amazing groupe was cut out of one stone, by Apollonius and Tauriscus, two sculptors of Rhodes; and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-sixth book of his Natural History. All the precious monuments of art, which have come down to us from antiquity, are the productions of Greek artists. The Romans had taste enough to admire the arts of Greece, as plainly appears by the great collections they made of their statues and pictures, as well as by adopting their architecture and musick: but I do not remember to have read of any Roman who made a great figure either as a painter or a statuary. It is not enough to say those professions were not honourable in Rome, because painting, sculpture, and musick, even rhetoric, physic, and philosophy, were practised and taught by slaves. The arts were always honoured and revered at Rome, even when the professors of them happened to be slaves by the accidents and iniquity of fortune. The business of painting and statuary was so profitable, that in a free republic, like that of Rome, they must have been greedily embraced by a great number of individuals: but, in all probability, the Roman soil produced no extraordinary genius for those arts. Like the English of this day, they made a figure in poetry, history, and ethics; but the excellence of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, they never could attain. In the Palazzo Picchini, I saw three beautiful figures, the celebrated statues of Meleager, the boar, and dog; together with a wolf of excellent workmanship. The celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, in the church of St. Peter in Vincula, I beheld with pleasure; as well as that of Christ, by the same hand,

hand, in the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva. The right foot, covered with bronze, gilt, is much kissed by the devotees. I suppose it is looked upon as a specific for the tooth-ach; for, I saw a cavalier, in years, and an old woman successively rub their gums upon it, with the appearance of the most painful perseverance.

You need not doubt but that I went to the church of St. Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated transfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye so strongly, that little or no attention is paid to those below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the subject does not admit of that keeping and dependence, which ought to be maintained in the disposition of the lights and shadows in a picture. The groupes seem to be intirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, consists, not only in the expression of divinity on the face of Christ; but also in the surprising lightness of the figure, that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air. In the church of St. Luke, I was not at all struck by the picture of that saint, drawing the portrait of the Virgin Mary, although it is admired as one of the best pieces of Raphael. Indeed it made so little impression upon me, that I do not even remember the disposition of the figures. The altar-piece, by Andrea Sacchi, in the church of St. Romauldus, would have more merit, if the figure of the saint himself had more consequence, and was represented in a stronger light. In the Palazzo Borghese, I chiefly admired the following pieces: a Venus with two nymphs; and another with

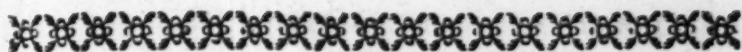
with Cupid, both by Titian: an excellent Roman Piety, by Leonardo da Vinci; and the celebrated Muse, by Dominechino, which is a fine, jolly, buxom figure. At the palace of Colonna Conestabile, I was charmed with the Herodias, by Guido Rheni; a young Christ; and a Madonna, by Raphael; and four landscapes, two by Claude Lorraine, and the other two, by Salvator Rosa. In the *palazetto*, or summer-house belonging to the Palazzo Rospigliosi, I had the satisfaction of contemplating the Aurora of Guido, the colours of which still remain in high perfection, notwithstanding the common report that the piece is spoiled by the dampness of the apartment. The print of this picture, by Freij, with all its merit, conveys but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the original. In the Palazzo Barberini, there is a great collection of marbles and pictures: among the first, I was attracted by a beautiful statue of Venus; a sleeping faun, of curious workmanship; a charming Bacchus, lying on an antient sculpture, and the famous Narcissus. Of the pictures, what gave the most pleasure was the Magdalen of Guido, infinitely superior to that by Le Brun in the church of the Carmelites at Paris; the Virgin, by Titian; a Madonna, by Raphael, but not comparable to that which is in the Palazzo de Pitti, at Florence; and the death of Germanicus, by Poussin, which I take to be one of the best pieces in this great collection. In the Palazzo Falconeri, there is a beautiful St. Cecilia, by Guercino; a holy family, by Raphael; and a fine expressive figure of St. Peter weeping, by Dominechino. In the Palazzo Altieri, I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, representing a saint calling

calling down lightening from heaven to destroy blasphemers. It was the figure of the saint I admired, merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough: perhaps they were purposely kept down, in order to preserve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Rosa would have made a different disposition on the same subject: that amidst the darkness of a tempest, he would have illuminated the blasphemer with the flash of lightening by which he was destroyed: this would have thrown a dismal gleam upon his countenance, distorted by the horror of his situation as well as by the effects of the fire; and rendered the whole scene dreadfully picturesque. In the same place, I saw the famous holy family, by Corregio, which he left unfinished, and no other artist would undertake to supply; for what reason I know not. Here too is a judgment of Paris, by Titian, which is reckoned a very valuable piece. In the Palazzo Odescalchi, there is a holy family, by Buonaroti, and another by Raphael, both counted excellent, though in very different styles, extremely characteristic of those two great rival artists.

If I was silly enough to make a parade, I might mention some hundreds more of marbles and pictures, which I really saw at Rome; and even eke out that number with a huge list of those I did not see: but, whatever vanity I may have, it has not taken this turn; and I assure you, upon my word and honour, I have described nothing but what actually fell under my own observation. As for my critical remarks, I am afraid you will think them too superficial and capricious to belong to any other person but

Your humble servant.

L E T T E R



L E T T E R XXXIV.

Nice, April 2, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE nothing to communicate touching the library of the Vatican, which, with respect to the apartments and their ornaments, is undoubtedly magnificent. The number of books it contains does not exceed forty thousand volumes, which are all concealed from the view, and locked up in presses: as for the manuscripts, I saw none but such as are commonly presented to strangers of our nation; some very old copies of Virgil and Terence; two or three Missals, curiously illuminated; the book *De Septem Sacramentis* written in Latin by Henry VIII. against Luther; and some of that prince's love-letters to Anne Boleyn. I likewise visited the *Libreria Casanatense*, belonging to the convent of the church called *S. Maria Sopra Minerva*. I had a recommendation to the principal librarian, a Dominican friar, who received me very politely, and regaled me with a sight of several curious MSS. of the classics.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Rome, I prepared for my departure, and as the road between Radicofani and Montefiascone is very stony and disagreeable, I asked the banker Barazzi, if there was not a better way of returning to Florence, expressing a desire at the same time to see the cascade at Terni. He assured me that the road by
Terni

Terni was forty miles shorter than the other, much more safe and easy, and accommodated with exceeding good auberges. Had I taken the trouble to cast my eyes upon the map, I must have seen, that the road by Terni, instead of being forty miles shorter, was much longer than the other: but this was not the only mistake of Signore Barazzi. Great part of this way lies over steep mountains, or along the side of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and as for the public houses, they are in all respects the most execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to say that a common prisoner in the Marshalsea or King's Bench is more cleanly and commodiously lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houses are abominably nasty, and generally destitute of provision: when eatables were found, we were almost poisoned by their cookery: their beds were without curtains or bedstead, and their windows without glass; and for this sort of entertainment we payed as much as if we had been genteelly lodged, and sumptuously treated. I repeat it again; of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the most villainously rapacious. The first day, having passed Civita Castellana, a small town standing on the top of a hill, we put up at what was called an excellent inn, where cardinals, prelates, and princes, often lodged. Being meagre day, there was nothing but bread, eggs, and anchovies, in the house. I went to bed without supper, and lay in a pallet, where I was half devoured by vermin. Next day, our road, in some places, lay along precipices, which over-hang the Nera or Nar, celebrated
in

in antiquity for its white foam, and the sulphureous quality of its waters.

Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.

It is a small, but rapid stream. which runs not far from hence, into the Tyber. Passing Utricoli, near the ruins of the ancient Oricoli, and the romantic town of Narni, situated on the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of which is still seen standing one arch of the stupendous bridge built by Augustus Cæsar, we arrived at Terni, and hiring a couple of chaises before dinner, went to see the famous Cascata delle Marmore, which is at the distance of three miles. We ascended a steep mountain by a narrow road formed for a considerable way along the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which brawls the furious river Nera, after having received the Velino. This last is the stream which, running from the Lago delle Marmore, forms the cascade by falling over a precipice about one hundred and sixty feet high. Such a body of water rushing down the mountain; the smoky vapour, and thick white mist which it raises; the double rainbow which these particles continually exhibit while the sun shines; the deafening sound of the cataract; the vicinity of a great number of other stupendous rocks and precipices, with the dashing, boiling, and foaming of the two rivers below, produce altogether an object of tremendous sublimity: yet great part of its effect is lost, for want of a proper point of view, from which it might be contemplated. The cascade would appear much more astonishing, were it not in some measure eclipsed by the superior height of the neighbouring

neighbouring mountains. You have not a front perspective ; but are obliged to view it obliquely on one side, standing upon the brink of a precipice, which cannot be approached without horror. This station might be rendered much more accessible, and altogether secure, for the expence of four or five zequines ; and a small tax might be levied for the purpose from travellers by the aubergiste at Terni, who lets his calasses for half a zequine a piece to those that are curious to see this phænomenon. Besides the two postilions whom I payed for this excursion, at the rate of one stage in posting, there was a fellow who posted himself behind one of the chaises, by way of going to point out the different views of the cascade ; and his demand amounted to four or five pauls.— To give you an idea of the extortion of those villainous publicans, I must tell you that for a dinner and supper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodging in three truckle-beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty shillings sterling. You ask me why I submitted to such imposition ? I will tell you — I have more than once in my travels made a formal complaint of the exorbitancy of a publican, to the magistrate of the place ; but I never received any satisfaction, and have lost abundance of time. Had I proceeded to manual correction, I should have alarmed and terrified the women : had I peremptorily refused to pay the sum total, the landlord, who was the postmaster, would not have supplied me with horses to proceed on my journey. I tried the experiment at Muy in France, where I put myself into a violent passion, had abundance of trouble, was detained till it was almost night, and
after

after all found myself obliged to submit, furnishing at the same time matter of infinite triumph to the mob, which had surrounded the coach, and interested themselves warmly in favour of their townsman. If some young patriot, in good health and spirits, would take the troubles as often as he is imposed upon on the road in travelling, to have recourse to the fountain-head, and prefer a regular complaint to the comptroller of the posts, either in France or Italy, he would have ample satisfaction, and do great service to the community. Terni is an agreeable town, pretty well built, and situated in a pleasant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it was called by the antients, Interamna. Here is an agreeable piazza, where stands a church that was of old a heathen temple. There are some valuable paintings in the church. The people are said to be very civil, and provisions to be extremely cheap. It was the birth-place of the emperor Tacitus, as well as of the historian of the same name. In our journey from hence to Spoleto, we passed over a high mountain, (I think it is called Somna,) where it was necessary to have two additional horses to the carriage, and the road winds along a precipice, which is equally dangerous and dreadful. We passed through part of Spoleto, the capital of Umbria, which is a pretty large city. Of this, however, I can give no other account from my own observation, but that I saw at a distance the famous Gothic aqueduct of brick: this is mentioned by Addison as a structure, which, for the height of its arches, is not equalled by any thing in Europe. The road from hence to Foligno, where

where we lay, is kept in good order, and lies through a delightful plain, laid out into beautiful inclosures, abounding with wine, oil, corn, and cattle, and watered by the pastoral streams of the famous river Clitumnus, which takes its rise in three or four separate rivulets issuing from a rock near the highway. On the right-hand, we saw several towns situated on rising grounds, and among the rest, that of Assisio, famous for the birth of St. Francis, whose body, being here deposited, occasions a great concourse of pilgrims. We met a Roman princess going thither with a grand retinue, in consequence of a vow she had made for the re-establishment of her health. Foligno, the Fulginium of the antients is a small town, not unpleasant, lying in the midst of mulberry plantations, vineyards, and corn-fields, and built on both sides of the little river Topino. In choosing our beds at the inn, I perceived one chamber locked, and desired it might be opened; upon which the cameriere declared with some reluctance, “*Besogna dire a su’ eccellenza; poco fa, che una bestia e morta in questa camera, e non e ancora lustrata.*” When I enquired what beast it was, he replied, “*Un’ eretico Inglese.*” I suppose he would not have made so free with our country and religion, if he had not taken us for German catholics, as we afterwards learned from Mr. R—i. Next day, we crossed the Tyber, over a handsome bridge, and in mounting the steep hill upon which the city of Perugia stands, our horses being exhausted, were dragged backwards by the weight of the carriage to the very edge of a precipice, where, happily for us, a man passing that way, placed a large stone behind one of the wheels,

wheels, which stopped their motion, otherwise we should have been all dashed in pieces. We had another ugly hill to ascend within the city, which was more difficult and dangerous than the other; but the postilions and the other beasts made such efforts, that we mounted without the least stop to the summit, where we found ourselves in a large piazza, where the horses are always changed. There being no relays at the post, we were obliged to stay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a considerable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with some elegant fountains, and several handsome churches, containing some valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his master Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place. The next stage is on the banks of the lake, which was the Thrasymene of the antients, a beautiful piece of water, above thirty miles in circumference, having three islands, abounding with excellent fish: upon a peninsula of it, there is a town and castle. It was in this neighbourhood where the consul Flaminius was totally defeated with great slaughter by Hannibal. From Perugia to Florence, the posts are all double, and the road is so bad that we never could travel above eight and twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up steep mountains; and the way in general was so unequal and stony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any sort of exercise or fatigue so intolerable; and I did not fail to bestow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker Barazzi, by whose advice we had taken this road; yet there was no remedy but patience. If the coach

coach had not been incredibly strong, it must have been shattered to pieces. The fifth night we passed at a place called Camoccia, a miserable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own supper, and lay in a musty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fire-place, and where we ran the risque of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of the antient Etruscan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, described by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazzesi, as standing in the neighbourhood of this place: but the blacksmith assured me his work would be finished in a few minutes; and as I had nothing so much at heart as the speedy accomplishment of this disagreeable journey, I chose to suppress my curiosity, rather than be the occasion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto passed were comfortable in comparison to this, which we suffered at a small village, the name of which I do not remember. The house was dismal and dirty beyond all description; the bed-cloaths filthy enough to turn the stomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in such a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had sheets of our own, which were spread upon a mat-trass, and here I took my repose wrapped in a great-coat, if that could be called repose which was interrupted by the innumerable stings of vermin. In the morning, I was seized with a dangerous fit of the hooping-cough, which terrified my wife, alarmed my people, and brought the whole community

community into the house. I had undergone just such another at Paris, about a year before. This forenoon, one of our coach wheels flew off in the neighbourhood of Ancisa, a small town, where we were detained above two hours by this accident; a delay which was productive of much disappointment, danger, vexation, and fatigue. There being no horses at the last post, we were obliged to wait until those which brought us thither should be sufficiently refreshed to proceed. Understanding that all the gates of Florence are shut at six, except two that are kept open for the accommodation of travellers; and that to reach the nearest of these gates, it was necessary to pass the river Arno in a ferry-boat, which could not transport the carriage; I determined to send my servant before with a light chaise to enter the nearest gate before it was shut, and provide a coach to come and take us up at the side of the river, where we should be obliged to pass in the boat: for I could not bear the thoughts of lying another night in a common carbarret. Here, however, another difficulty occurred. There was but one chaise, and a dragoon officer, in the imperial troops, insisted upon his having bespoke it for himself and his servant. A long dispute ensued, which had like to have produced a quarrel: but at length I accommodated matters, by telling the officer that he should have a place in it gratis, and his servant might ride a-horse-back. He accepted the offer without hesitation; but, in the mean time, we set out in the coach before them, and having proceeded about a couple of miles, the road was so deep from a heavy rain, and the beasts were so fatigued, that they could not pro-

ceed. The postillions scourging the poor animals with great barbarity, they made an effort, and pulled the coach to the brink of a precipice, or rather a kind of hollow-way, which might be about seven or eight feet lower than the road. Here my wife and I leaped out, and stood under the rain up to the ankles in mud; while the postillions still exercising their whips, one of the fore-horses fairly tumbled down the descent, and hung by the neck, so that he was almost strangled before he could be disengaged from the traces, by the assistance of some foot travellers that happened to pass. While we remained in this dilemma, the chaise, with the officer and my servant, coming up, we exchanged places; my wife and I proceeded in the chaise, and left them with Miss C—— and Mr. R——, to follow in the coach. The road from hence to Florence is nothing but a succession of steep mountains, paved and conducted in such a manner, that one would imagine the design had been to render it impracticable by any sort of wheel-carriage. Notwithstanding all our endeavours, I found it would be impossible to enter Florence before the gates were shut. I flattered and threatened the driver by turns; but the fellow who had been remarkably civil at first, grew sullen and impertinent. He told me I must not think of reaching Florence: that the boat would not take the carriage on board; and that from the other side, I must walk five miles before I should reach the gate that was open: but he would carry me to an excellent *osteria*, where I should be entertained and lodged like a prince. I was now convinced that he had lingered on purpose to serve this inn-keeper; and I took it for granted

granted that what he told me of the distance between the ferry and the gate was a lie. It was eight o'clock when we arrived at his inn. I alighted with my wife to view the chambers, desiring he would not put up his horses. Finding it was a villainous house, we came forth, and, by this time, the horses were put up. I asked the fellow how he durst presume to contradict my orders, and commanded him to put them to the chaise. He asked in his turn if I was mad? If I thought I and the lady had strength and courage enough to walk five miles in the dark, through a road which we did not know, and which was broke up by a continued rain of two days? I told him he was an impertinent rascal, and as he still hesitated, I collared him with one hand, and shook my cane over his head with the other. It was the only weapon I had, either offensive or defensive; for I had left my sword, and musketoon in the coach. At length the fellow obeyed, though with great reluctance, cracking many severe jokes upon us in the mean time, and being joined in his raillery by the innkeeper, who had all the external marks of a ruffian. The house stood in a solitary situation, and not a soul appeared but these two miscreants, so that they might have murdered us without fear of detection. "You do not like the apartments? (said one) to be sure they were not fitted up for persons of your rank and quality!" "You will be glad of a worse chamber, (continued the other) before you get to bed." "If you walk to Florence to night, you will sleep so sound, that the fleas will not disturb you." "Take care you do not take up your night's lodging in the middle of the road, or in the ditch of the city-wall."

I fired inwardly at these sarcasms, to which, however, I made no reply; and my wife was almost dead with fear. In the road from hence to the boat, we met with an ill-looking fellow, who offered his service to conduct us into the city, and such was our situation, that I was fain to accept his proposal, especially as we had two small boxes in the chaise by accident, containing some caps and laces belonging to my wife. I still hoped the postillion had exaggerated in the distance between the boat and the city gate, and was confirmed in this opinion by the ferryman, who said we had not above half a league to walk. Behold us then in this expedition; myself wrapped up in a very heavy great-coat, and my cane in my hand. I did not imagine I could have walked a couple of miles in this equipage, had my life been depending; my wife a delicate creature, who had scarce ever walked a mile in her life; and the ragamuffin before us with our boxes under his arm. The night was dark and wet; the road slippery and dirty; not a soul was seen, nor a sound was heard: all was silent: dreary, and horrible. I laid my account with a violent fit of illness from the cold I should infallibly catch, if I escaped assassination, the fears of which were the more troublesome as I had no weapon to defend our lives. While I laboured under the weight of my great-coat, which made the streams of sweat flow down my face and shoulders, I was plunging in the mud, up to the mid-leg at every step; and at the same time obliged to support my wife, who wept in silence, half dead with terror and fatigue. To crown our vexation, our conductor walked so fast, that he was often out of sight, and I imagined he

had

had run away with the boxes. All I could do, on these occasions, was to halloo as loud as I could, and swear horribly that I would blow his brains out, I did not know but these oaths and menaces might keep other rogues in awe. In this manner did we travel four long miles, making almost an entire circuit of the city-wall, without seeing the face of a human creature, and at length reached the gate, where we were examined by the guard, and allowed to pass, after they had told us it was a long mile from thence to the house of Vanini, where we proposed to lodge. No matter, being now fairly within the city, I pluckt up my spirits, and performed the rest of the journey with such ease, that I am persuaded, I could have walked at the same pace all night long, without being very much fatigued. It was near ten at night, when we entered the auberge in such a draggled and miserable condition, that Mrs. Vanini almost fainted at sight of us, on the supposition that we had met with some terrible disaster, and that the rest of the company were killed. My wife and I were immediately accommodated with dry stockings and shoes, a warm apartment, and a good supper, which I ate with great satisfaction, arising not only from our having happily survived the adventure, but also from a conviction that my strength and constitution were wonderfully repaired: not but that I still expected a severe cold, attended with a terrible fit of the asthma: but in this I was luckily disappointed. I now for the first time drank to the health of my physician Barazzi, fully persuaded that the hardships and violent exercise I under-

went by following his advice, had greatly contributed to the re-establishment of my health. In this particular, I imitate the gratitude of Tavernier, who was radically cured of the gout by a Turkish aga in Ægypt, who gave him the bastinado, because he would not look at the head of the bashaw of Cairo, which the aga carried in a bag, to be presented to the grand signior at Constantinople.

I did not expect to see the rest of our company that night, as I never doubted but they would stay with the coach at the inn on the other side of the Anno: but at mid-night we were joined by Miss C—— and Mr. R——, who had left the carriage at the inn, under the auspices of the captain and my servant, and followed our foot steps by walking from the ferry-boat to Florence, conducted by one of the boatmen. Mr. R—— seemed to be much ruffled and chagrined; but, as he did not think proper to explain the cause, he had no right to expect that I should give him satisfaction for some insult he had received from my servant. They had been exposed to a variety of disagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been several times in the most imminent hazard of being lost with all our baggage; and at two different places, it was necessary to hire a dozen of oxen, and as many men, to disengage it from the holes into which it had run. It was in the confusion of these adventures, that the captain and his valet, Mr. R—— and my servant, had like to have gone all by the ears together. The peace was with difficulty preserved by the interposition of Miss C——, who suffered incredibly from cold and wet, terror, vexation,
and

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and fatigue: yet happily no bad consequence ensued. The coach and baggage were brought safely into Florence next morning, when all of us found ourselves well refreshed, and in good spirits. I am afraid this is not the case with you, who must by this time be quite jaded with this long epistle, which shall therefore be closed without further ceremony by

Yours always.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Nice, March 20, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE season being far advanced, and the weather growing boisterous, I made but a short stay at Florence, and set out for Pisa, with full resolution to take the nearest road to Lerici, where we proposed to hire a felucca for Genoa. I had a great desire to see Leghorn and Lucca; but the dread of a winter's voyage by sea in an open boat effectually restrained my curiosity. To avoid the trouble of having our baggage shifted every post, I hired two chaises to Pisa for a couple of zequines, and there we arrived in safety about seven in the evening, though not without fear of the consequence, as the calasses were quite open, and it rained all the way. I must own I was so sick of the wretched accommodation one meets with in every part of Italy, except the great cities, so averse to the sea at this season, and so fond of the

city of Pisa, that I should certainly have stayed here the winter, had not I been separated from my books and papers, as well as from other conveniencies and connexions which I had at Nice; and foreseen that the thoughts of performing the same disagreeable voyage in the spring would embitter my whole winter's enjoyment. I again hired two calasses for Lerici, proposing to lie at Sarzana, three miles short of that place, where we were told we should find comfortable lodging, and to embark next day without halting. When we departed in the morning, it rained very hard, and the Cerchio, which the chaises had formerly passed, almost without wetting the wheels, was now swelled to a mighty river, broad, deep and rapid. It was with great difficulty I could persuade my wife to enter the boat; for it blew a storm, and she had seen it in coming over from the other side hurried down a considerable way by the rapidity of the current, notwithstanding all the efforts of the watermen. Near two hours were spent in transporting us with our chaises. The road between this and Spirito Santo was rendered almost impassable. When we arrived at Massa, it began to grow dark, and the post-master assured us that the road to Sarzana was overflowed in such a manner as not to be passed even in the day-time, without imminent danger. We therefore took up our lodging for the night at this house, which was in all respects one of the worst we had yet entered. Next day, we found the Magra as large and violent as the Cerchio: however, we passed it without any accident, and in the afternoon arrived at Lerici. There we were immediately besieged by a number of patrones of feluccas,

feluccas, from among whom I chose a Spaniard, partly because he looked like an honest man, and produced an ample certificate, signed by an English gentleman; and partly, because he was not an Italian; for, by this time, I had imbibed a strong prejudice against the common people of that country. We embarked in the morning before day, with a gale that made us run the lee-gunwale in the water; but, when we pretended to turn the point of Porto Venere, we found the wind full in our teeth, and were obliged to return to our quarters, where we had been shamefully fleeced by the landlord, who, nevertheless, was not such an exorbitant knave as the post-master, whose house I would advise all travellers to avoid. Here, indeed, I had occasion to see an instance of prudence and œconomy, which I should certainly imitate, if ever I had occasion to travel this way by myself. An Englishman, who had hired a felucca from Antibes to Leghorn, was put in here by stress of weather; but being aware of the extortion of inn keepers, and the bad accommodation in their houses, he slept on board on his own mattrasses; and there likewise he had all his conveniencies for eating. He sent his servant on shore occasionally, to buy provision, and see it cooked according to his direction in some public house; and had his meals regularly in the felucca. This evening he came ashore to stretch his legs, and took a solitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were English: his valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my servant, that in coming through France, his master had travelled three days in company with two other English gentlemen,

whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never spoke a word to either: yet in other respects, he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly British. At five o'clock in the morning we put to sea again: and though the wind was contrary, made shift to reach the town of Sestri di Levante, where we were most graciously received by the publican butcher and his family. The house was in much better order than before; the people were much more obliging; we past a very tolerable night, and had a very reasonable bill to pay in the morning. I cannot account for this favourable change any other way, than by ascribing it to the effects of a terrible storm, which had two days before torn up a great number of their olive-trees by the roots, and done such damage as terrified them into humility and submission. Next day, the water being delightful, we arrived by one o'clock in the afternoon at Genoa. Here I made another bargain with our patron Antonio, to carry us to Nice. He had been hitherto remarkably obliging, and seemingly modest. He spoke Latin fluently, and was tinctured with the sciences. I began to imagine he was a person of a good family, who had met with misfortunes in life, and respected him accordingly: but I found him mercenary, mean, and rapacious. The wind being still contrary, when we departed from Genoa, we could get no further than Finale, where we lodged in a very dismal habitation, which was recommended to us as the best auberge in the place. What rendered it the more uncomfortable, the night was cold, and there was not a fire-place in the

the house, except in the kitchen. The beds (if they deserved that name) were so shockingly nasty, that we could not have used them, had not a friend of Mr. R— supplied us with mattrasses, sheets, and coverlets; for our own sheets were on board the felucca, which was anchored at a distance from the shore. Our fare was equally wretched: the master of the house was a surly assassin, and his cameriere or waiter, stark-staring mad. Our situation was at the same time shocking and ridiculous. Mr. R— quarrelled over night with the master, who swore in broken French to my man, that he had a good mind to poinard that impertinent Piedmontese. In the morning before day, Mr. R—, coming into my chamber, gave me to understand that he had been insulted by the landlord, who demanded six and thirty livres for our supper and lodging. Incensed at the rascal's presumption, I assured him I would make him take half the money, and a good beating into the bargain. He replied, that he would have saved me the trouble of beating him, had not the cameriere, who was a very sensible fellow, assured him the patron was out of his senses, and if roughly handled, might commit some extravagance. Though I was exceedingly ruffled, I could not help laughing at the mad cameriere's palming himself upon R—, as a sensible fellow, and transferring the charge of madness upon his master, who seemed to be much more knave than fool. While Mr. R— went to mass, I desired the cameriere to bid his master bring the bill, and to tell him that if it was not reasonable, I would carry him before the commandant. In the mean time I armed myself with my sword in one hand
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and my cane in the other. The inn-keeper entered, pale and staring, and when I demanded his bill, he told me, with a profound reverence, that he should be satisfied with whatever I myself thought proper to give. Surprised at this moderation, I asked if he should be content with twelve livres, and he answered, "Contentissimo," with another prostration. Then he made an apology for the bad accommodation of his house, and complained, that the reproaches of the other gentleman, whom he was pleased to call my major-duomo, had almost turned his brain. When he quitted the room, his cameriere, laying hold of his master's last words, pointed to his own forehead, and said, he had informed the gentleman over night that his patrone was mad. This day we were by a high wind in the afternoon, driven for shelter into Porto Mauritio, where we found the post-house even worse than that of Finale; and what rendered it more shocking was a girl quite covered with the confluent small-pox, who lay in a room through which it was necessary to pass to the other chambers, and who smelled so strong as to perfume the whole house. We were but fifteen miles from St. Remo, where I knew the auberge was tolerable, and thither I resolved to travel by land. I accordingly ordered five mules to travel post, and a very ridiculous cavalcade we formed, the women being obliged to use common saddles; for in this country even the ladies sit astride. The road lay along one continued precipice, and was so difficult, that the beasts never could exceed a walking pace. In some places we were obliged to alight. Seven hours were spent in travelling fifteen short miles: at length we arrived at our old lodgings in St. Remo, which

which we found white-washed, and in great order. We supped pretty comfortably; slept well; and had no reason to complain of imposition in paying the bill. This was not the case in the article of the mules, for which I was obliged to pay fifty livres, according to the regulation of the posts. The post-master, who came along with us, had the effrontery to tell me, that if I had hired the mules to carry me and my company to St. Remo, in the way of common travelling, they would have cost me but fifteen livres; but as I demanded post-horses, I must submit to the regulations. This is a distinction the more absurd, as the road is of such a nature as renders it impossible to travel faster in one way than in another; nor indeed is there the least difference either in the carriage or convenience, between travelling post and journey riding. A publican might with the same reason charge me three livres a pound for whiting, and if questioned about the imposition, reply, that if I had asked for fish I should have had the very same whiting for the fifth part of the money: but that he made a wide difference between selling it as fish, and selling it as whiting. Our felucca came round from Porto Mauritio in the night, and embarking next morning, we arrived at Nice about four in the afternoon.

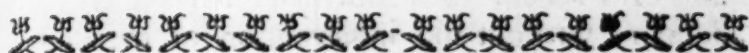
Thus have I given you a circumstantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was exposed to a great number of hardships, which I thought my weakened constitution could not have bore; as well as to violent fits of passion, chequered, however, with transports of a more agreeable nature; insomuch that I may say I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or
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body, and very often in both at the same time. As my disorder at first arose from a sedentary life, producing a relaxation of the fibres, which naturally brought on a listlessness, indolence, and dejection of spirits, I am convinced that this hard exercise of mind and body, co-operated with the change of air and objects, to brace up the relaxed constitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which had long languished even almost to stagnation. For some years, I had been as subject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered. If I ventured to go abroad when there was the least moisture either in the air, or upon the ground, I was sure to be laid up a fortnight with a cough and asthma. But, in this journey, I suffered cold and rain, and stood, and walked in wet, heated myself with exercise, and sweated violently, without feeling the least disorder; but, on the contrary, felt myself growing stronger every day in the midst of these excesses. Since my return to Nice, it has rained the best part of two months, to the astonishment of all the people in the country; yet during all that time I have enjoyed good health and spirits. On Christmas-Eve, I went to the cathedral at mid-night, to hear high mass celebrated by the new bishop of Nice, in pontificalibus, and stood near two hours uncovered in a cold gallery, without having any cause in the sequel to repent of my curiosity. In a word, I am now so well that I no longer despair of seeing you and the rest of my friends in England; a pleasure which is eagerly desired by

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

L E T T E R



L E T T E R XXXVI.

Nice, March 23, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU ask whether I think the French people are more taxed than the English; but I apprehend, the question would be more apropos if you asked whether the French taxes are more insupportable than the English; for, in comparing burthens, we ought always to consider the strength of the shoulders that bear them. I know no better way of estimating the strength, than by examining the face of the country, and observing the appearance of the common people, who constitute the bulk of every nation. When I, therefore, see the country of England smiling with cultivation; the grounds exhibiting all the perfection of agriculture, parcelled out into beautiful inclosures, corn-fields, hay and pasture, woodland and common: when I see her meadows well stocked with black cattle; her downs covered with sheep; when I view her teams of horses and oxen, large and strong, fat and sleek; when I see her farm-houses the habitations of plenty, cleanliness, and convenience; and her peasants well fed, well ledged, well cloathed, tall and stout, hale and jolly; I cannot help concluding that the people are well able to bear those impositions which the public necessities have rendered necessary. On the other hand, when I perceive such signs of poverty, misery, and dirt, among the common-
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alty of France, their unfenced fields dug up in despair, without the intervention of meadow or fallow ground, without cattle to furnish manure, without horses to execute the plans of agriculture; their farm-houses mean, their furniture wretched, their apparel beggarly; themselves and their beasts the images of famine; I cannot help thinking they groan under oppression, either from their landlords, or their government; probably from both.

The principal impositions of the French government are these: first, the taille, paid by all the commons, except those that are privileged: secondly, the capitation, from which no persons, (not even the nobles) are excepted: thirdly, the tenths and twentieths, called *Dixièmes* and *Vingtièmes*, which every body pays. This tax was originally levied as an occasional aid in times of war, and other emergencies; but by degrees is become a standing revenue even in times of peace. All the money arising from these impositions goes directly to the king's treasury; and must undoubtedly amount to a very great sum. Besides these, he has the revenue of the farms, consisting of the *droits d'aydes*, or excise on wine, brandy, &c. of the custom-house duties; of the *gabelle*, comprehending that most oppressive obligation on individuals to take a certain quantity of salt at the price which the farmers shall please to fix; of the exclusive privilege to sell tobacco; of the *droits de controlle*, *insinuation*, *centième denier*, *franchiefs*, *aubeine*, *échange et contre-échange* arising from the acts of voluntary jurisdiction, as well as certain law-suits. These farms are said to bring into the the king's coffers above one hundred and twenty millions of livres yearly, amounting to
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near five millions sterling: but the poor people are said to pay about a third more than this sum, which the farmers retain to enrich themselves, and bribe the great for their protection; which protection of the great is the true reason why this most iniquitous, oppressive, and absurd method of levying money is not laid aside. Over and above those article I have mentioned, the French king draws considerable sums from his clergy, under the denomination of dons gratuits, or free-gifts; as well as from the subsidies given by the pays d'etats, such as Provence, Languedoc, and Bretagne, which are exempted from the taille. The whole revenue of the French³ king amounts to between twelve and thirteen millions sterling. These are great resources for the king: but they will always keep the people miserable, and effectually prevent them from making such improvements as might turn their lands to the best advantage. But besides being eased in the article of taxes, there is something else required to make them exert themselves for the benefit of their country. They must be free in their persons, secure in their property, indulged with reasonable leases, and effectually protected by law from the insolence and oppression of their superiors.

Great as the French king's resources may appear, they are hardly sufficient to defray the enormous expence of his government. About two millions sterling per annum of his revenue are said to be anticipated for paying the interest of the public debts; and the rest is found inadequate to the charge of a prodigious standing army, a double frontier of fortified towns, and the extravagant appointments of ambassadors, generals, governors, intendants,

intendants, commandants, and other officers of the crown, all of whom affect a pomp, which is equally ridiculous and prodigal. A French general in the field is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it is incumbent upon him, for the glory of France, to give a hundred dishes every day at his table. When don Philip, and the marechal duke de Belleisle, had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty scullions constantly employed in the great square in plucking poultry. This absurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commissaries keep open table; and nothing is seen but prodigality and profusion. The king of Sardinia proceeds upon another plan. His troops are better cloathed, better paid, and better fed than those of France. The commandant of Nice has about four hundred a year of appointments, which enable him to live decently, and even to entertain strangers. On the other hand, the commandant of Antibes, which is in all respects more inconsiderable than Nice, has from the French king above five times the sum to support the glory of his monarch, which all the sensible part of mankind treat with ridicule and contempt. But the finances of France are so ill managed, that many of their commandants, and other officers, have not been able to draw their appointments these two years. In vain they complain and remonstrate. When they grow troublesome they are removed. How then must they support the glory of France? how, but by oppressing the poor people. The treasurer makes use of their money for his own benefit. The king knows it; he knows his officers thus defrauded, fleece and oppress his people: but he thinks proper to wink

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at these abuses. The government may be said to be weak and tottering which finds itself obliged to connive at such proceedings. The king of France, in order to give strength and stability to his administration, ought to have sense to adopt a sage plan of oeconomy, and vigour of mind sufficient to execute it in all its parts, with the most rigorous exactness. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to punish the delinquents, of what quality soever they may be: and the first act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are, undoubtedly, many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government, and, in all probability, the subjects of France will be the first to take advantage of it. There is at present a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the constitution. In proportion to the progress of reason and philosophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, superstition loses ground; antient prejudices give way; a spirit of freedom takes the ascendant. All the learned laity of France detest the hierarchy as a plan of despotism, founded on imposture and usurpation. The protestants, who are very numerous in the southern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticism. Many of the commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of those odious distinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments, or tribunals of justice in the kingdom, seem bent upon asserting their rights and independence in the face
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of the king's prerogative, and even at the expence of his power and authority. Should any prince therefore be seduced by evil counsellors, or misled by his own bigotry, to take some arbitrary step, that may be extremely disagreeable to all those communities, without having spirit to exert the violence of his power for the support of his measures, he will become equally detested and despised; and the influence of the commons will insensibly encroach upon the pretensions of the crown. But if in the time of a minority, the power of the government should be divided among different competitors for the regency, the parliaments and people will find it still more easy to acquire and ascertain the liberty at which they aspire, because they will have the balance of power in their hands, and be able to make either scale preponderate. I could say a great deal more upon this subject; and I have some remarks to make relating to the methods which might be taken in case of a fresh rupture with France, for making a vigorous impression on that kingdom. But these I must defer till another occasion, having neither room nor leisure at present to add any thing, but that I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant.



L E T T E R XXXVII.

Nice, April 2, 1763.

DEAR DOCTOR,

ASI have now passed a second winter at Nice I think myself qualified to make some further remarks on this climate. During the
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heats of last summer, I flattered myself with the prospect of the fine weather I should enjoy in the winter; but neither I, nor any person in this country, could foresee the rainy weather that prevailed from the middle of November, till the twentieth of March. In this short period of four months, we have had fifty-six days of rain, which I take to be a greater quantity than generally falls during the six worst months of the year in the county of Middlesex, especially as it was, for the most part, a heavy, continued rain. The south winds generally predominate in the wet season at Nice; but this winter the rain was accompanied with every wind that blows, except the south; though the most frequent were those that came from the east and north quarters. Notwithstanding these great rains, such as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground seemed perfectly dry. The air itself was perfectly free from moisture. Though I live upon a ground floor, surrounded on three sides by a garden, I could not perceive the least damp, either on the floors, or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the asthma, which used always to harass me most in wet weather. In a word, I passed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. About the vernal equinox, however, I caught a violent cold, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing, and as the sun advances towards the tropic, I found myself still more subject to rheums. As the heat increases, the humours of the body are rarefied, and, of consequence, the pores of the skin are opened; while the east wind

sweeping

sweeping over the Alps and Appenines, covered with snow, continues surprisngly sharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are afraid of exposing themselves to the air at this season, the intemperature of which may last till the middle of May, when all the snow on the mountains will probably be melted; then the air will become mild and balmy, till, in the progress of summer, it grows disagreeably hot, and the strong evaporation from the sea makes it so saline, as to be unhealthy for those who have a scorbutical habit. When the sea-breeze is high, this evaporation is so great as to cover the surface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived last summer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable for the scurvy. Were I obliged to pass my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at some distance from the sea, where I might enjoy a cool air, free from this impregnation, unmolested by those flies, gnats, and other vermin, which render the lower parts almost uninhabitable. To this place I would retire in the month of June, and there continue till the beginning of October, when I would return to my habitation in Nice, where the winter is remarkably mild and agreeable. In March and April however, I would not advise a valetudinarian to go forth, without taking precaution against the cold. An agreeable summer retreat may be found on the other side of the Var, at or near the town of Grasse, which is pleasantly situated on the ascent of a hill in Provence, about seven English miles from Nice.

This

This place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, wash-balls, perfumes, and toilette-boxes, lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging, and is well supplied with provisions.

W^es are now preparing for our journey to England, from the exercise of which I promise myself much benefit: a journey extremely agreeable, not only on that account, but also because it will restore me to the company of my friends, and remove me from a place where I leave nothing but the air, which I can possibly regret. The only friendship I have contracted at Nice are with strangers, who, like myself, only sojourn here for a season. I now find by experience, it is great folly to buy furniture, unless one is resolved to settle here for some years. The Nissards assured me, with great confidence that I should always be able to sell it for a very little loss; whereas I find myself obliged to part with it for about one-third of what it cost. I have sent for a coach to Aix, and as soon as it arrives, shall take my departure; so that the next letter you receive from me will be dated at some place on the road. I purpose to take Antibes, Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, Avignon, and Orange, in my way: places which I have not yet seen; and where, perhaps, I shall find something for your amusement, which will always be a consideration of some weight with,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Dr. S——— at *Nice*.*Turin, March 18, 1765.*

DEAR SIR,

I Am just returned from an excursion to Turin, which is about thirty leagues from hence, the greater part of the way lying over frightful mountains covered with snow. The difficulty of the road, however reaches no farther than Coni, from whence there is an open highway through a fine plain country, as far as the capital of Piedmont, and the traveller is accommodated with chaise and horses to proceed either post, or by *cambiatura*, as in other parts of Italy. There are only two ways of performing the journey over the mountains from Nice; one is to ride a mule back, and the other to be carried in a chair. The former I chose, and set out with my servant on the seventh day of February at two in the afternoon. I was hardly clear of Nice, when it began to rain so hard that in less than an hour the mud was half a foot deep in many parts of the road. This was the only inconvenience we suffered, the way being in other respects practicable enough; for there is but one small hill to cross on this side of the village of L'Escarene, where we arrived about six in the evening. The ground in this neighbourhood is tolerably cultivated, and the mountains are planted to the tops with olive trees. The accommodation here is so very
bad,

bad, that I had no inclination to be a-bed longer than was absolutely necessary for refreshment ; and therefore I proceeded on my journey at two in the morning, conducted by a guide, whom I hired for this purpose at the rate of three livres a day. Having ascended one side, and descended the other, of the mountain called Braus, which took up four hours, though the road is not bad, we at six reached the village of Sospello, which is agreeably situated in a small valley, surrounded by prodigious high and barren mountains. This little plain is pretty fertile, and being watered by a pleasant stream, forms a delightful contrast with the hideous rocks that surround it. Having reposed myself and my mules two hours at this place, we continued our journey over the second mountain, called Brovis, which is rather more considerable than the first, and in four hours arrived at La Giandola, a tolerable inn situated betwixt the high road and a small river, about a gunshot from the town of Brieglie, which we leave on the right. As we jogged along in the grey of the morning, I was a little startled at two figures which I saw before me, and began to put my pistols in order. It must be observed that these mountains are infested with *contrabandiers*, a set of smuggling peasants, very bold and desperate, who make a traffic of selling tobacco, salt and other merchandize, which have not paid duty, and sometimes lay travellers under contribution. I did not doubt but there was a gang of these free-booters at hand ; but as no more than two persons appeared, I resolved to let them know we were prepared for defence, and fired one of my pistols, in hope that the report of it, echoed from

the surrounding rocks, would produce a proper effect; but, the mountains and roads being entirely covered with snow to a considerable depth, there was little or no reverberation, and the sound was not louder than that of a pop gun, although the piece contained a good charge of powder. Nevertheless, it did not fail to get the attention of the strangers, one of whom immediately wheeled to the left about, and being by this time very near me, gave me an opportunity of contemplating his whole person. He was very tall, meagre, and yellow, with a long hooked nose, and small twinkling eyes. His head was cased in a woollen night-cap, over which he wore a flapped hat; he had a silk handkerchief about his neck, and his mouth was furnished with a short wooden pipe, from which he discharged wreathing clouds of tobacco-smoke. He was wrapped in a kind of capot of green bays, lined with wolf-skin, had a pair of monstrous boots, quilted on the in-side with cotton, was almost covered with dirt, and rode a mule so low that his long legs hung dangling within six inches of the ground. This grotesque figure was so much more ludicrous than terrible, that I could not help laughing; when taking his pipe out of his mouth, he very politely accosted me by name. You may easily guess I was exceedingly surprised at such an address on the top of the mountain Brovis; but he forthwith put an end to it, by discovering himself to be the marquis M. whom I had the honour to be acquainted with at Nice. After having raillied him upon his equipage, he gave me to understand he had set out from Nice the morning of the same day that I departed, that

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he was going to Turin, and that he had sent one of his servants before him to Coni with his baggage. Knowing him to be an agreeable companion, I was glad of this encounter, and we resolved to travel the rest of the way together. We dined at La Giandola, and in the afternoon rode along the little river Roida, which runs in a bottom between frightful precipices, and in several places forms natural cascades, the noise of which had well nigh deprived us of the sense of hearing; after a winding course among these mountains, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia, in the territory of Genoa. As the snow did not lie on these mountains, when we cracked our whips, there was such a repercussion of the sound as is altogether inconceivable. We passed by the village of Saorgio, situated on an eminence, where there is a small fortress which commands the whole pass, and in five hours arrived at our inn, on this side the Col de Tende, where we took up our quarters, but had very little reason to boast of our entertainment. Our greatest difficulty, however, consisted in pulling off the marquis's boots, which were of the kind called *Seafarot*, by this time so loaded with dirt on the outside, and so swelled with the rain within, that he could neither drag them after him as he walked, nor disencumber his legs of them, without such violence as seemed almost sufficient to tear him limb from limb. In a word, we were obliged to tie a rope about his heel, and all the people in the house assisting to pull, the poor marquis was drawn from one end of the apartment to the other before the boot would give way: at last his legs were happily disengaged,

and the machines carefully dried and stuffed for next day's journey.

We took our departure from hence at three in the morning, and at four, began to mount the Col de Tende, which is by far the highest mountain in the whole journey: it was now quite covered with snow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up, there are quarters for a detachment of soldiers, posted here to prevent smuggling, and an inn called La Ca, which in the language of the country signifies the house. At this place, we hired six men to assist us in ascending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of hough to break the ice, and make a sort of steps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain supported each by two of those men, called Coulants, who walk upon the snow with great firmness and security. We were followed by the mules, and though they are very sure-footed animals, and were frost-shod for the occasion, they stumbled and fell very often; the ice being so hard that the sharp headed nails in their shoes could not penetrate. Having reached the top of this mountain, from whence there is no prospect but of other rocks and mountains, we prepared for descending on the other side by the Leze, which is an occasional sledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the Coulants for this purpose. I did not much relish this kind of carriage, especially as the mountain was very steep, and covered with such a thick fog that we could hardly see two or three yards before us. Nevertheless, our guides were so confident, and my companion, who had passed the

the same way on other occasions, was so secure, that I ventured to place myself on this machine, one of the coulants standing behind me, and the other sitting before, as the conductor, with his feet paddling among the snow, in order to moderate the velocity of its descent. Thus accommodated, we descended the mountain with such rapidity, that in an hour we roached Limon, which is the native place of almost all the muleteers who transport merchandize from Nice to Coni and Turin. Here we waited full two hours for the mules, which travelled with the servants by the common road. To each of the coulants we paid forty sols, which are nearly equal to two shillings sterling. Leaving Limon, we were in two hours quite disengaged from the gorges of the mountains, which are partly covered with wood and pasturage, though altogether inaccessible, except in summer; but from the foot of the Col de Tende, the road lies through a plain all the way to Turin. We took six hours to travel from the inn where we had lodged over the mountain to Limon, and five hours from thence to Coni. Here we found our baggage, which we had sent off by the carriers one day before we departed from Nice; and here we dismissed our guides, together with the mules. In winter, you have a mule for this whole journey at the rate of twenty livres; and the guides are paid at the rate of two livres a day, reckoning six days, three for the journey to Coni, and three for their return to Nice. We set out so early in the morning in order to avoid the inconveniencies and dangers that attend the passage of this mountain. The first of these arises from your meeting with long strings

of loaded mules in a slippery road, the breadth of which does not exceed a foot and an half. As it is altogether impossible for two mules to pass each other in such a narrow path, the muleteers have made doublings or elbows in different parts, and when the troops of mules meet, the least numerous is obliged to turn off into one of these doublings, and there halt until the others are past. Travellers in order to avoid this disagreeable delay, which is the more vexatious, considering the excessive cold, begin the ascent of the mountain early in the morning before the mules quit their inns. But the great danger of travelling here when the sun is up, proceeds from what they call the Valanches. These are balls of snow detached from the mountains which over top the road, either by the heat of the sun, or the humidity of the weather. A piece of snow thus loosened from the rock, though perhaps not above three or four feet in diameter, increases sometimes in its descent to such a degree, as to become two hundred paces in length, and rolls down with such rapidity, that the traveller is crushed to death before he can make three steps on the road. These dreadful heaps drag every thing along with them in their descent. They tear up huge trees by the roots, and if they chance to fall upon a house, demolish it to the foundation. Accidents of this nature seldom happen in the winter while the weather is dry; and yet scarce a year passes in which some mules and their drivers do not perish by the valanches. At Coni we found the Countess C— from Nice, who had made the same journey in a chair, carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a straw bottom,

tom, covered above with waxed cloth, to protect the traveller from the rain or snow, and provided with a foot-board upon which the feet rest. It is carried like a sedan-chair; and for this purpose six or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a head per day, according to the season, allowing three days for their return. Of these six men, two are between the poles carrying like common chairmen, and each of these is supported by the other two, one at each hand: but as those in the middle sustain the greatest burthen, they are relieved by the others in a regular rotation. In descending the mountain, they carry the poles on their shoulders, and in that case, four men are employed, one at each end.

At Coni, you may have a chaise to go with the same horses to Turin, for which you pay fifteen livres, and are a day and a half on the way. You may post it, however, in one day, and then the price is seven livres ten sols per post, and ten sols to the postilion. The method we took was that of *cambiatura*. This is a chaise with horses shifted at the same stages that are used in posting: but as it is supposed to move slower, we pay but five livres per post, and ten sols to the postilion. In order to quicken its pace, we gave ten sols extraordinary to each postilion, and for this gratification he drove us even faster than the post. The chaises are like those of Italy, and will take on near two hundred weight of baggage.

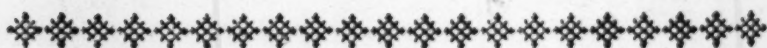
Coni is situated between two small streams, and though neither very large nor populous is considerable for the strength of its fortifications. It is honoured with the title of the Maiden-Fortress, because though several times besieged, it was

never taken. The prince of Conti invested it in the war of 1744 ; but he was obliged to raise the siege, after having given battle to the king of Sardinia. The place was gallantly defended by the baron Leutrum, a German protestant, the best general in the Sardinian Service : but what contributed most to the miscarriage of the enemy, was a long tract of heavy rains, which destroyed all their works, and rendered their advances impracticable.

I need not tell you that Piedmont is one of the most fertile and agreeable countries in Europe, and this the most agreeable part of all Piedmont, though it now appeared to disadvantage from the rigorous season of the year : I shall only observe that we passed through Sabellian, which is a considerable town, and arrived in the evening at Turin. We entered this fine city by the gate of Nice, and passing through the elegant Piazza di San Carlo, took up our quarters at the Bona Fama, which stands at one corner of the great square, called La Piazza Castel.

Were I even disposed to give a description of Turin, I should be obliged to postpone it till another opportunity, having no room at present to say any thing more, but that I am always

Yours.



L E T T E R X X X I X .

Aix en Provence, May 10, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am thus far on my way to England. I had resolved to leave Nice, without having the least dispute with any one native of the place, but
I found

I found it impossible to keep this resolution. My landlord, Mr. C——, a man of fashion, with whose family we had always lived in friendship, was so reasonable as to expect I should give him up the house and garden, though they were to be paid for till Michaelmas, and peremptorily declared I should not be permitted to sub-let them to any other person. He had of his own accord assured me more than once that he would take my furniture off my hands, and trusting to this assurance, I had lost the opportunity of disposing it to advantage: but when the time of my departure drew near, he refused to take it, at the same time insisting upon having the key of the house and garden, as well as on being paid the whole rent directly, though it would not be due till the middle of September, I was so exasperated at this treatment from a man whom I had cultivated with particular respect, that I determined to contest it at law: but the affair was accommodated by the mediation of a father of the Minims, a friend to both, and a merchant of Nice, who charged himself with the care of the house and furniture. A stranger must conduct himself with the utmost circumspection to be able to live among these people without being the dupe of imposition.

I had sent to Aix for a coach and four horses, which I hired at the rate of eighteen French livres a day, being equal to fifteen shillings and nine-pence sterling. The river Var was so swelled by the melting of the snow on the mountains, as to be impassable by any wheel-carriage; and, therefore, the coach remained at Antibes, to which we went by water, the distance being about nine

or ten miles. This is the Antipolis of the antients, said to have been built like Nice, by a colony from Marseilles. In all probability, however, it was later than the foundation of Nice, and took its name from its being situated directly opposite to that city. Pliny says it was famous for its tunny-fishery; and to this circumstance Martial alludes in the following lines:

“ *Antipolitani, fateor, sum filia thynni.
Essem si Scombri non tibi missa forem.*”

At present, it is the frontier of France towards Italy, pretty strongly fortified, and garrisoned by a battalion of soldiers. The town is small and inconsiderable: but the basin of the harbour is surrounded to seaward by a curious bulwark founded upon piles driven in the water, consisting of a wall, ramparts, casemates, and quay. Vessels lie very safe in this harbour; but there is not water at the entrance of it to admit of ships of any burthen. The shallows run so far off from the coast, that a ship of force cannot lie near enough to batter the town; but it was bombarded in the late war. Its chief strength by land consists in a small quadrangular fort detached from the body of the place, which, in a particular manner, commands the entrance of the harbour. The wall of the town built in the sea has embrasures and salient angles, on which a great number of cannon may be mounted.

I think the adjacent country is much more pleasant than that on the one side of Nice; and there is certainly no essential difference in the climate. The ground here is not so encumbered; it is laid out in agreeable inclosures, with intervals
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of open fields, and the mountains rise with an easy ascent at a much greater distance from the sea, than on the other side of the bay. Besides, here are charming rides along the beach, which is smooth and firm. When we passed in the last week of April, the corn was in the ear; the cherries were almost ripe; and the figs had begun to blacken. I had embarked my heavy baggage on board a London ship, which happened to be at Nice, ready to sail; as for our small trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very superficially, in consequence of tipping the searcher with half a crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaux in this country.

We lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly situated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly opposite to the isles Marguerites, where state-prisoners are confined. As there are some good houses in this place, I would rather live here for the sake of the mild climate, than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor crowded with soldiers and people: but are already in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well supplied with all sorts of fish.

The mountain of Esterelles, which in one of my former letters I described as a most romantic and noble plantation of ever-greens, trees, shrubs, and aromatic plants, is at present quite desolate. Last summer, some execrable villains set fire to the pines, when the wind was high. It continued burning for months, and the conflagration extended above ten leagues, consuming an incredible quantity of timber. The ground is now naked
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on each side of the road, or occupied by the black trunks of the trees, which have been scorched without falling. They stand as so many monuments of the judgment of heaven, filling the mind with horror and compassion. I could hardly refrain from shedding tears at this dismal spectacle, when I recalled the idea of what it was about eighteen months ago.

As we stayed all night at Frejus, I had an opportunity of viewing the amphitheatre at leisure. As near as I can judge by the eye, it is of the same dimensions with that of Nismes; but shockingly dilapidated. The stone seats rising from the arena are still extant, and the cells under them, where the wild beasts were kept. There are likewise the remains of two galleries one over another; and two vomitoria or great gateways at opposite sides of the arena, which is now a fine green, with a road through the middle of it; but all the external architecture and the ornaments are demolished. The most intire part of the wall now constitutes part of a monastery, the monks of which, I am told, have helped to destroy the amphitheatre, by removing the stones for their own purposes of building. In the neighbourhood of this amphitheatre, which stands without the walls, are the vestiges of an old edifice, said to have been the palace where the emperor or president resided: for it was a Roman colony, much favoured by Julius Cæsar, who gave it the name of Forum Julii, and Civitas Forojuliensis. In all probability, it was he who built the amphitheatre, and brought hither the water ten leagues from the river of Ciagne, by means of an aqueduct, some arcades of which are still standing on the other side
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of the town. A great number of statues were found in this place, together with antient inscriptions, which have been published by different authors. I need not tell you that Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the historian, was a native of Frejus, which is now a very poor inconsiderable place. From hence the country opens to the left, forming an extensive plain between the sea and the mountains, which are a continuation of the Alps, that stretches through Provence and Dauphiné. This plain watered with pleasant streams, and varied with vineyards, corn-fields, and meadow-ground, afforded a most agreeable prospect to our eyes, which were accustomed to the sight of scorching sands, rugged rocks, and abrupt mountains in the neighbourhood of Nice. Although this has much the appearance of a corn country, I am told it does not produce enough for the consumption of its inhabitants, who are obliged to have annual supplies from abroad, imported at Marseilles. A Frenchman, at an average, eats three times the quantity of bread that satisfies a native of England, and indeed it is undoubtedly the staff of his life. I am therefore surprized that the Provençaux do not convert part of their vineyards into corn-fields: for they may boast of their wine as they please; but that which is drunk by the common people, not only here, but also in all the wine countries of France, is neither so strong, nourishing, nor (in my opinion) so pleasant to the taste as the small-beer of England. It must be owned that all the peasants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size, in comparison of those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation, that when
there

there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in those seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human constitution; and that for the preservation of health, and exhilaration of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to simple water. Between Luc and Toulon, the country is delightfully parcelled out into inclosures. Here is plenty of rich pasturage for black cattle, and a greater number of pure streams and rivulets than I have observed in any other parts of France.

Toulon is a considerable place, even exclusive of the basin, docks, and arsenal, which indeed are such as justify the remark made by a stranger when he viewed them "The king of France (said he) is greater at Toulon than at Versailles." The quay, the jetties, the docks, and magazines, are contrived and executed with precision, order, solidity, and magnificence. I counted fourteen ships of the line lying unrigged in the basin, besides the *Tonnant* of eighty guns, which was in dock repairing, and a new frigate on the stocks. I was credibly informed that in the last war, the king of France was so ill-served with cannon for his navy, that in every action there was scarce a ship which had not several pieces burst. These accidents did great damage, and discouraged the French mariners to such a degree, that they became more afraid of their own guns than those of the English. There are now at Toulon above two thousand pieces of iron cannon unfit for service. This is an undeniable proof of the weakness and neglect of the French administration: but a more surprizing proof of their imbecility, is the
state

state of the fortifications that defend the entrance of this very harbour. I have some reason to think that they trusted for its security entirely to our opinion that it must be inaccessible. Capt. E—, of one of our frigates, lately entered the harbour with a contrary wind, which by obliging him to tack, afforded an opportunity of sounding the whole breadth and length of the passage. He came in without a pilot, and made a pretence of buying cordage, or some other stores; but the French officers were much chagrined at the boldness of his enterprize. They alledged that he came for no other reason but to sound the channel; and that he had an engineer aboard, who made drawings of the land and the forts, their bearings and distances. In all probability, these suspicions were communicated to the ministry; for an order immediately arrived, that no stranger should be admitted into the docks and arsenal.

Part of the road from hence to Marseilles lies through a vast mountain, which resembles that of Estrelles; but is not so well covered with wood, though it has the advantage of an agreeable stream running through the bottom.

I was much pleased with Marseilles, which is indeed a noble city, large, populous, and flourishing. The streets, for the most part, are open, airy, and spacious; the houses well built, and even magnificent. The harbour is an oval basin, surrounded on every side either by the buildings or the land, so that the shipping lies perfectly secure; and here is generally an incredible number of vessels. On the city side, there is a semi-circular quay of free-stone, which extends thirteen hundred paces; and the space between this and the houses
that

that front it, is continually filled with a surprizing croud of people. The gallies, to the number of eight or nine, are moored with their sterns to one part of the wharf, and the slaves are permitted to work for their own benefit at their respective occupations, in little shops or booths, which they rent for a trifle. There you see tradesmen of all kinds sitting at work, chained by one foot, shoemakers, taylors, silversmiths, watch and clock-makers, barbers, stocking-weavers, jewellers, pattern-drawers, scriveners, booksellers, cutlers, and all manner of shop keepers. They pay about two sols a day to the king for this indulgence ; live well and look jolly ; and can afford to sell their goods and labour much cheaper than other dealers and tradesmen. At night, however, they are obliged to lie aboard. Notwithstanding the great face of business at Marseilles, their trade is greatly on the decline : and their merchants are failing every day. This decay of commerce is in a great measure owing to the English, who, at the peace, poured in such a quantity of European merchandize into Martinique and Guadaloupe, that when the merchants of Marseilles sent over their cargoes, they found their markets overstocked, and were obliged to sell for a considerable loss. Besides, the French colonists had such a stock of sugars, coffee, and other commodities lying by them during the war, that upon the first notice of peace, they shipped them off in great quantities for Marseilles. I am told that the produce of the islands is at present cheaper here than where it grows ; and on the other hand the merchandize of this country sells for less money at Martinique than in Provence.

A single person, who travels in this country,
may

may live at a reasonable rate in these towns, by eating at the public ordinaries: but I would advise all families that come hither to make any stay, to take furnished lodgings as soon as they can: for the expence of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged to pay at Marseilles four livres a head for every meal, and half that price for my servant, and was charged six livres a day besides for the apartment; so that our daily expence, including breakfast and a valet de place, amounted to two louis d'ors. The same imposition prevails all over the south of France, though it is the cheapest and most plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it must be owing to the folly and extravagance of English travellers, who have allowed themselves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authorized by custom. It is very disagreeable riding in the avenues of Marseilles, because you are confined in a dusty high road, crowded with carriages and beasts of burden, between two white walls, the reflection from which, while the sun shines, is intolerable. But in this neighbourhood there is a vast number of pleasant country-houses, called Bastides, said to amount to twelve thousand, some of which may be rented ready furnished at a very reasonable price. Marseilles is a gay city, and the inhabitants indulge themselves in a variety of amusements. They have assemblies, a concert spirituel, and a comedy. Here is also a spacious cours, or walk shaded with trees, to which in the evening there is a great resort of well-dressed people.

Marseilles being a free port, there is a bureau about half a league from the city on the road to Aix, where all carriages undergo examination; and

and if any thing contraband is found, the vehicle, baggage, and even the horses are confiscated. We escaped this disagreeable ceremony by the sagacity of our driver. Of his own accord, he declared at the bureau, that we had bought a pound of coffee and some sugar at Marseilles, and were ready to pay the duty, which amounted to about ten sols. They took the money, gave him a receipt, and let the carriage pass, without further question.

I proposed to stay one night only at Aix: but Mr. A—r, who is here, had found such benefit from drinking the waters, that I was persuaded to make trial of them for eight or ten days. I have accordingly taken private lodgings, and drunk them every morning at the fountain-head, not without finding considerable benefit. In my next I shall say something further of these waters, though I am afraid they will not prove a source of much entertainment. It will be sufficient for me to find them contribute in any degree to the health of

Dear Sir,

Yours assuredly.



L E T T E R XL.

Boulogne, May 23, 1765.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Found three English families at Aix, with whom I could have passed my time very agreeably; but the society is now dissolved. Mr. S—re and his lady left the place in a few days after we arrived. Mr. A—r and lady Betty are gone to Geneva; and Mr. G—r, with his family, remains at Aix. This gentleman, who laboured under a most dreadful

ful nervous asthma, has obtained such relief from this climate, that he intends to stay another year in the place: and Mr. A—r found surprizing benefit from drinking the waters, for a scorbutical complaint. As I was incommoded by both these disorders, I could not but in justice to myself, try the united efforts of the air and the waters; especially as this consideration was re-inforced by the kind and pressing exhortations of Mr. A—r and lady Betty, which I could not in gratitude resist.

Aix, the capital of Provence, is a large city, watered by the small river Arc. It was a Roman colony, said to be founded by Caius Sextus Calvinus, above a century before the birth of Christ. From the source of mineral water here found, added to the consul's name, it was called Aquæ Sextiæ. It was here that Marius, the conqueror of the Teutones, fixed his head-quarters, and embellished the place with temples, aqueducts, and thermæ, of which, however, nothing now remains. The city, as it now stands, is well built, though the streets in general are narrow, and kept in a very dirty condition. But it has a noble *cours* planted with double rows of tall trees, and adorned with three or four fine fountains, the middlemost of which discharges hot water supplied from the source of the baths. On each side there is a row of elegant houses, inhabited chiefly by the noblesse, of which there is here a considerable number. The parliament, which is held at Aix, brings hither a great resort of people; and as many of the inhabitants are persons of fashion, they are well bred, gay, and sociable. The duc de Villars, who is governor of the province, resides on the spot, and keeps an open assembly, where strangers are admitted

mitted without reserve, and made very welcome, if they will engage in play, which is the sole occupation of the whole company. Some of our English people complain, that when they were presented to him, they met with a very cold reception. The French, as well as other foreigners, have no idea of a man of family and fashion, without the title of duke, count, marquis, or lord, and where an English gentleman is introduced by the simple expression of *monseigneur tel*, they think he is some plebeian, unworthy of any particular attention.

Aix is situated in a bottom, almost surrounded by hills, which, however do not screen it from the Bize, or north wind, that blows extremely sharp in the winter and spring, rendering the air almost insupportably cold, and very dangerous to those who have some kinds of pulmonary complaints, such as tubercules, abscesses, or spitting of blood. Lord H.—, who passed part of last winter in this place, afflicted with some of these symptoms, grew worse every day while he continued at Aix: but, he no sooner removed to Marseilles, than all his complaints abated; such a difference there is in the air of these two places, though the distance between them does not exceed ten or twelve miles. But the air of Marseilles, though much more mild than that of Aix in the winter, is not near so warm as the climate of Nice, where we find in plenty such flowers, fruit, and vegetables, even in the severest season, as will not grow and ripen, either at Marseilles or Toulon.

If the air of Aix is disagreeably cold in the winter, it is rendered quite insufferable in the summer, from excessive heat, occasioned by the reflexion from the rocks and mountains, which at
the

the same time obstruct the circulation of the air : for it must be observed, that the same mountains which serve as funnels and canals, to collect and discharge the keen blasts of winter, will provide screens to intercept intirely the faint breezes of summer. Aix, though pretty well provided with butcher's meat, is very ill supplied with pot-herbs ; and they have no poultry but what comes at a vast distance from the Lionnois. They say their want of roots, cabbage, cauliflower, &c. is owing to a scarcity of water : but the truth is, they are very bad gardeners. Their oil is good and cheap : their wine is indifferent : but their chief care seems employed on the culture of silk, the staple of Provence, which is every where shaded with plantations of mulberry trees, for the nourishment of the worms. Notwithstanding the boasted cheapness of every article of housekeeping, in the south of France, I am persuaded a family may live for less money at York, Durham, Hereford. and in many other cities of England than at Aix in Provence ; keep a more plentiful table : and be much more comfortably situated in all respects. I found lodging and provision at Aix fifty per cent. dearer than at Montpellier, which is counted the dearest place in Languedoc.

The baths of Aix, so famous in antiquity, were quite demolished by the irruptions of the Barbarians. The very source of the water was lost, till the beginning of the present century, (I think the year 1704) when it was discovered by accident, in digging for the foundation of a house, at the foot of a hill, just without the city wall. Near the same place was found a small stone altar, with the figure of a Priapus, and some letters in capitals, which the antiquarians have differently interpreted. From
this

this figure, it was supposed that the waters were efficacious in cases of barrenness. It was a long time, however, before any person would venture to use them internally, as it did not appear that they had ever been drank by the antients. On their reappearance, they were chiefly used for baths to horses, and other beasts which had the mange, and other cutaneous eruptions. At length poor people began to bathe in them for the same disorders, and received such benefit from them, as attracted the attention of more curious enquirers. A very superficial and imperfect analysis was made and published, with a few remarkable histories of the cures they had performed, by three different physicians of those days; and those little treatises, I suppose, encouraged valetudinarians to drink them without ceremony. They were found serviceable in the gout, the gravel, scurvy, dropsy, palsy, indigestion, asthma, and consumption; and their fame soon extended itself all over Languedoc, Gascony, Dauphiné, and Provence. The magistrates, with a view to render them more useful and commodious, have raised a plain building, in which there are a couple of private baths, with a bed-chamber adjoining to each, where individuals may use them both internally and externally, for a moderate expence. These baths are paved with marble, and supplied with water each by a large brass cock, which you can turn at pleasure. At one end of this edifice, there is an octagon, open at top, having a basin, with a stone pillar in the middle, which discharges water from the same source, all round, by eight small brass cocks; and hither people of all ranks come of a morning, with their glasses, to drink the water, or wash their sores, or subject their contracted limbs to the stream. This
last

last operation, called the *douche*, however, is more effectually undergone in the private bath, where the stream is much more powerful. The natural warmth of this water, as nearly as I can judge from recollection, is about the same degree of temperature with that in the Queen's Bath, at Bath in Somersetshire. It is perfectly transparent, sparkling in the glass, light and agreeable to the taste, and may be drunk without any preparation, to the quantity of three or four pints at a time. There are many people at Aix who swallow fourteen half pint glasses every morning, during the season, which is in the month of May, though it may be taken with equal benefit all the year round. It has no sensible operation but by urine, an effect which pure water would produce, if drunk in the same quantity.

If we may believe those who have published their experiments, this water produces neither agitation, cloud, or change of colour, when mixed with acids, alkalies, tincture of galls, syrop of violets, or solution of silver. The residue, after boiling, evaporation, and filtration, affords a very small proportion of purging salt, and calcarious earth, which last ferments with strong acids. As I had neither hydrometer nor thermometer to ascertain the weight and warmth of this water; nor time to procure the proper utensils, to make the preparations, and repeat the experiments necessary to exhibit a complete analysis, I did not pretend to enter upon this process; but contented myself with drinking, bathing, and using the *douche*, which perfectly answered my expectation, having, in eight days, almost cured an ugly scorbutic tetter, which had for some time deprived me of the use of my right hand. I observed that the water,
when

when used externally, left always a kind of oily appearance on the skin: that when we boiled it at home, in an earthen pot, the steams smelled like those of sulphur, and even affected my lungs in the same manner: but the bath itself smelled strong of a lime-kiln. The water, after standing all night in a bottle, yielded a remarkably vinous taste and odour, something analogous to that of dulcified spirit of nitre. Whether the active particles consist of a volatile vitriol, or a very fine petroleum, or a mixture of both, I shall not pretend to determine: but the best way I know of discovering whether it is really impregnated with a vitriolic principle, too subtil and fugitive for the usual operations of chymistry, is to place bottles filled with wine, in the bath, or adjacent room, which wine, if there is really a volatile acid, in any considerable quantity, will be pricked in eight and forty hours.

Having ordered our coach to be refitted, and provided with fresh horses, as well as with another postilion, in consequence of which improvements, I payed at the rate of a louis d'or *per diem* to Lyons and back again, we departed from Aix, and the second day of our journey passing the Durance in a boat, lay at Avignon. This river, the Druentia of the antients, is a considerable stream, extremely rapid, which descends from the mountains, and discharges itself into the Rhone. After violent rains it extends its channel, so as to be impassible, and often overflows the country to a great extent. In the middle of a plain, betwixt Orgon and this river, we met the coach in which we had travelled eighteen months before, from Lyons to Montpellier, conducted by our old driver Joseph, who no sooner recognized my servant at a distance, by his musketoon, than he came running towards
our

our carriage, and seizing my hand, even shed tears of joy. Joseph had been travelling through Spain, and was so imbrowned by the sun, that he might have passed for an Iroquois. I was much pleased with the marks of gratitude which the poor fellow expressed towards his benefactors. He had some private conversation with our *voiturier*, whose name was Claude, to whom he gave such a favourable character of us, as in all probability induced him to be wonderfully obliging during the whole journey.

You know Avignon is a large city belonging to the pope. It was the *Avenio Cavarum* of the ancients, and changed masters several times, belonging successively to the Romans, Burgundians, Franks, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence, and the sovereigns of Naples. It was sold in the fourteenth century, by queen Jane I. of Naples, to pope Clement VI. for the sum of eighty thousand florins, and since that period has continued under the dominion of the see of Rome. Not but that when the duc de Crequi, the French ambassador, was insulted at Rome in the year 1662, the parliament of Provence passed an arret, declaring the city of Avignon, and the county Venassin, part of the ancient domain of Provence; and therefore reunited it to the crown of France, which accordingly took possession; though it was afterwards restored to the Roman see at the peace of Pisa. The pope, however, holds it by a precarious title, at the mercy of the French king, who may one day be induced to resume it, upon payment of the original purchase-money. As a succession of popes resided here for the space of seventy years, the city could not fail to be adorned

with a great number of magnificent churches and convents, which are richly embellished with painting, sculpture, shrines, reliques, and tombs. Among the last, is that of the celebrated Laura, whom Petrarch has immortalized by his poetry, and for whom Francis the I. of France took the trouble to write an epitaph. Avignon is governed by a vice-legat from the pope, and the police of the city is regulated by the consuls. It is a large place, situated in a fruitful plain, surrounded by high walls built of hewn stone, which on the west side are washed by the Rhone. Here was a noble bridge over the river, but it is now in ruins. On the other side, a branch of the Sorgue runs through part of the city. This is the river anciently called Sulga, formed by the famous fountain of Vaucluse in this neighbourhood, where the poet Petrarch resided. It is a charming transparent stream, abounding with excellent trout and craw-fish. We passed over it on a stone bridge, in our way to Orange, the *Arausio Cavarum* of the Romans, still distinguished by some noble monuments of antiquity. These consist of a circus, an aqueduct, a temple, and a triumphal arch, which last was erected in honour of Caius Marius, and Luctatius Catulus, after the great victory they obtained in this country over the Cimbri and Teutones. It is a very magnificent edifice, adorned on all sides with trophies and battles in basso relievo. The ornaments of the architecture, and the sculpture, are wonderfully elegant for the time in which it was erected; and the whole is surprisngly well preserved, considering its great antiquity. It seems to me to be as entire and perfect as the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Next day we passed

two

two very impetuous streams, the Drome and the Isere. The first, which very much resembles the Var, we forded : but the Isere we crossed in a boat, which as well as that upon the Durance, is managed by the traillle, a moveable or running pulley, on a rope stretched between two wooden machines erected on the opposite sides of the river. The contrivance is simple and effectual, and the passage equally safe and expeditious. The boatman has nothing to do, but by means of a long massy rudder, to keep the head obliquely to the stream, the force of which pushes the boat along, the block to which it is fixed sliding upon the rope from one side to the other. All these rivers take their rise from the mountains, which are continued through Provence and Dauphiné, and, and fall into the Rhone : and all of them, when swelled by sudden rains, overflow the flat country. Although Dauphiné affords little or no oil, it produces excellent wines, particularly those of Hermitage and Cote-roti. The first of these is sold on the spot for three livres the bottle, and the other for two. The country likewise yields a considerable quantity of corn, and a good deal of grafs. It is well watered with streams; and agreeably shaded with wood. The weather was pleasant, and we had a continued song of nightingales from Aix to Fountainbleau.

I cannot pretend to specify the antiquities of Vienne, antiently called Vienna Allobrogum. It was a Roman colony, and a considerable city, which the antients spared no pains and expence to embellish. It is still a large town, standing among several hills on the banks of the Rhone, though all its former splendor is eclipsed, its commerce decayed, and most of its antiquities are buried

ried in ruins. The church of Notre Dame de la Vie was undoubtedly a temple. On the left of the road, as you enter it, by the gate of Avignon, there is a handsome obelisk, or rather pyramid, about thirty feet high, raised upon a vault supported by four pillars of the Tuscan order. It is certainly a Roman work, and Montfaucon supposes it to be a tomb, as he perceived an oblong stone jetting out from the middle of the vault, in which the ashes of the defunct were probably contained. The story of Pontius Pilate, who is said to have ended his days in this place, is a fable. On the seventh day of our journey from Aix, we arrived at Lyons, where I shall take my leave of you for the present, being with great truth,

Your's, &c.



L E T T E R XLI.

Boulogne, June 13, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain, after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance. Not that I am at all affected by the *nescio qua dulcedine natalis soli*, of Horace. That seems to be a kind of fanaticism founded on the prejudices of education, which induces a Laplander to place the terrestrial paradise among the snows of Norway, and a Swiss to prefer the barren mountains of Solleure to the fruitful plains of Lombardy.

Lombardy. I am attached to my country, because it is the land of liberty, cleanliness, and convenience: but I love it still more tenderly, as the scene of all my interesting connexions: as the habitation of my friends, for whose conversation, correspondence, and esteem, I wish alone to live.

Our journey hither from Lyons produced neither accident nor adventure worth notice; but a-bundance of little vexations, which may be termed the Plagues of Posting. At Lyons where we stayed only a few days, I found a return-coach, which I hired to Paris for six louis'd'ors. It was a fine roomy carriage, elegantly furnished, and made for travelling so strong and solid in all its parts, that there was no danger of its being shaken to pieces by the roughness of the road: but its weight and solidity occasioned so much friction between the wheels and the axle-tree, that we ran the risque of being set on fire three or four times a day. Upon a just comparison of all circumstances, posting is much more easy, convenient, and reasonable in England than in France. The English carriages, horses, harness, and roads are much better; and the postilions more obliging and alert. The reason is plain and obvious. If I am ill-used at the post-house in England, I can be accommodated elsewhere. The publicans on the road are sensible of this, and therefore they vie with each other in giving satisfaction to travellers. But in France, where the post is monopolized, the post-masters and postilions, knowing that the traveller depends intirely upon them, are the more negligent and remiss in their duty, as well as the more encouraged to insolence and imposition. Indeed the stranger seems to be left intirely at the mercy of those fel-

lows, except in large towns where he may have recourse to the magistrate or commanding officer. The post stands very often by itself in alone country situation, or in a paucity village, where the post-master is the principal inhabitant; and in such a case, if you should be ill-treated, by being supplied with bad horses; if you should be delayed on frivolous pretences, in order to extort money; if the postilions should drive at a waggon pace, with a view to provoke your impatience; or should you in any shape be insulted by them or their masters; I know not any redress you can have, except by a formal complaint to the comptroller of the posts, who is generally one of the ministers of state, and pays little or no regard to any such representations. I know an English gentleman, the brother of an earl, who wrote a letter of complaint to the Duc de Villars, governor of Provence, against the post-master of Antibes, who had insulted and imposed upon him. The duke answered his letter, promising to take order that the grievance should be redressed; and never thought of it after. Another great inconvenience which attends posting in France, is, that if you are retarded by any accident you cannot in many parts of the kingdom find a lodging, without perhaps travelling two or three posts farther than you would choose to go, to the prejudice of your health, and even the hazard of your life; whereas, on any part of the post-road in England, you will meet with tolerable accommodation at every stage. Through the whole south of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, dismal, and dirty; the landlords equally disobliging and rapacious; the servants awkward, fluttish, and slothful; and the postilions lazy,

lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: if you chastise them with sword, cane, cudgel, or horse-whip, they will either disappear entirely, and leave you without resource; or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The best method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourself to become the dupe of imposition, and stimulate their endeavours by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a resolution (and kept it) to give no more than four and twenty sols per post between the two postillions; but I am now persuaded that for three-pence a post more, I should have been much better served, and should have performed the journey with much greater pleasure. We met with no adventures upon the road worth reciting. The first day we were retarded above two hours by the dutchess D—lle, and her son the duc de R—f—t, who by virtue of an order from the minister, had anticipated all the horses at the post. They accosted my servant, and asked if his master was a lord? He thought proper to answer in the affirmative; upon which the duke declared that he must certainly be of French extraction, inasmuch as he observed the lilies of France in his arms on the coach. This young nobleman spoke a little English. He asked whence we had come; and understanding we had been in Italy, desired to know whether the man liked France or Italy best? Upon his giving France the preference, he clapped him on the shoulder, and said he was a lad of good taste. The dutchess asked if her son spoke English well, and seemed mightily pleased when my man assured her he did.

They were much more free and condescending with my servant than with myself; for, though we saluted them in passing, and were even supposed to be persons of quality, they did not open their lips, while we stood close by them at the inn-door, till their horses were changed. They were going to Geneva; and their equipage consisted of three coaches and six, with five domestics on horseback. The dutchess was a tall, thin, raw-boned woman, with her head close shaved. This delay obliged us to lie two posts short of Macon, at a solitary auberge called Maison Blanche, which had nothing white about it, but the name. The Lionnois is one of the most agreeable and best cultivated countries I ever beheld, diversified with hill, dale, wood, and water, laid out in extensive corn-fields and rich meadows, well stocked with black cattle; and adorned with a surprising number of towns, villages, villas, and convents, generally situated on the brows of gently swelling hills, so that they appear to the greatest advantage. What contributes in a great measure to the beauty of this, and the Maconnois, is the charming pastoral Soame, which from the city of Chalons winds its silent course so smooth and gentle, that one can scarce discern which way its current flows. It is this placid appearance that tempts so many people to bathe in it at Lions, where a good number of individuals are drowned every summer: whereas there is no instance of any person's thus perishing in the Rhone, the rapidity of it deterring every body from bathing in its stream. Next night we passed at Beaune, where we found nothing good but the wine; for which we paid forty sols the bottle. At Chalons our axle-tree took fire; an accident

accident wick detained us so long, that it was ten before we arrived at Auxerre, where we lay. In all probability we must have lodged in the coach, had not we been content to take four horses, and pay for six, two posts successively. The alternative was, either to proceed with four on those terms, or stay till the other horses should come in and be refreshed. In such an emergency, I would advise the traveller to put up with the four, and he will find the postilions so much upon their mettle, that those stages will be performed sooner than the others in which you have the full complement.

There was an English gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I sent my compliments, with offers of service; but his servant told my man that he did not choose to see any company, and had no occasion for my service. This sort of reserve seems peculiar to the English disposition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas two Englishmen in the same situation maintain a mutual reserve and diffidence, and keep without the sphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulsive power. We only stopped to change horses at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which is a venerable old city; but we passed part of a day at Sens, and visited a manufacture of that stuff we call Manchester velvet, which is here made and dyed to great perfection, under the direction of English workmen, who have been seduced from their own country. At Fontainebleau, we went to see the palace, or, as it is called, the castle,

which though an irregular pile of building, affords a great deal of lodging, and contains some very noble apartments, particularly the hall of audience, with the king's and queen's chambers, upon which the ornaments of carving and gilding are lavished with profusion rather than propriety. Here are some rich parterres of flower-garden, and a noble orangerie, which however we did not greatly admire, after having lived among the natural orange groves of Italy. Hitherto we had enjoyed fine summer weather, and I found myself so well, that I imagined my health was intirely restored: but betwixt Fontainebleau and Paris, we were overtaken by a black storm of rain, sleet, and hail, which seemed to reinstate winter in all its rigour; for the cold weather continues to this day. There was no resisting this attack. I caught cold immediately; and this was reinforced at Paris, where I stayed but three days. The same man, (Pascal Sellier, rue Guenegaud fauxbourg St. Germain) who owned the coach that brought us from Lyons, supplied me with a returned berline to Boulogne, for six louisd'ors, and we came hither by easy journeys. The first night we lodged at Breteuil, where we found an elegant inn, and very good accommodation. But the next we were forced to take up our quarters, at the house where we had formerly passed a very disagreeable night at Abbeville. I am now in tolerable lodging, where I shall remain a few weeks merely for the sake of a little repose; then I shall gladly tempt that invidious straight which still divides you from

Yours, &c.

F I N I S.



A

REGISTER

OF THE

WEATHER.

Kept at Nice from November 1763 to March 1765.

THERMOMETERS used in keeping the following REGISTER.

ONE of mercury, constructed after the manner of Reaumur, having on the scale 10 degrees from ice to temperate, 20 degrees silk-worm heat, boiling-water 80 degrees. The excessive heat at Paris 1707, at 35 degrees.

One of spirit of wine, constructed by Chateauneuf, graduated in the same manner. The spirit in this Thermometer rises at Senegal to 38, in France very rarely to 30, and in Peru, under the line, very seldom above 25.

They were placed in the shade, in a room without a fire, in a southerly exposition, and the observations made between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

THE town of Nice is situated in the bay of Antibes, latitude forty-three degrees, forty minutes north; east longitude from London, seven degrees, twenty-five minutes, æquidistant from Marseilles, Genoa, and Turin, that is about ninety English miles. The north wind blows over the maritime Alps, at the feet of which the town is situated; the south from Cape Bona, on the coast of Barbary, sweeping the islands of Sardinia and Corsica in its passage: the east from the Riviera of Genoa; and the west from Provence.

The town of Nice is wedged between a steep rock to the eastward, and the river Paglion, which washes the wall upon the west, and falls into the Mediterranean, within thirty yards of the corner bastion.

This river is but a scanty stream, fed chiefly by the melting of the snow upon the mountains. It is sometimes swelled to a great depth by sudden torrents: but in the summer it is usually dry.

The town of Nice is built of stone, and the streets are narrow. It is said to contain twelve thousand inhabitants, in which case they must be much crowded, for the place is but small. There is a bridge of three arches over the Paglion, which is the entrance from the side of Provence. Nice is surrounded on this side by a wall and rampart of no strength: on the other side, it is commanded by a high rock, on which appear the ruins of an old castle, which was once deemed impregnable. It was taken and dismantled by Marechal Catinat, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to the present king of Sardinia. To the eastward of
this

this rock is the harbour of Nice, in which there is not depth of water sufficient for ships of any burthen. The hills begin to rise about a short mile from the north gate of the town. The Var falls into the sea about four miles to the westward; and is fordable at the village of St. Laurent, which stands on the French side near the mouth of the river. The space between the Var and Nice is a succession of agreeable eminences, adorned with a great number of white houses or cassines, surrounded by plantations of olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and citrons. The air of Nice is pure and penetrating, yet mild, generally dry, and elastic; and the sky is remarkably clear and serene. The well-water is mostly hard, but not unwholesome; and there are some springs both in the town and neighbourhood, which are surprizingly cool, limpid, and agreeable.

REGISTER.

It was taken and diminished by Marshal Can-
 nal, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to
 the present king of Sardinia. To the eastward of

R E G I S T E R

O F T H E

W E A T H E R.

November 1763.

FROM the 23d to the end fair weather, wind northerly—Mornings frosty—Evenings sharp—Sun at noon, warm, sky serene.

December.

First week, squalls and rain, wind southerly.

Fifth blew fresh, wind south-west.

From the 5th to the end of the month fair weather, wind shifting from north to east—Sun at noon warm—Mornings and evenings frosty and sharp, distant mountains covered with snow—Green peas, and all sorts of salad, pinks, roses, July flowers, ranunculas, anemonies, all the winter, blowing.

January 1764.

First week rain and squalls, wind southerly.

Second week, weather cloudy, wind southerly.

Remaining part of the month fair weather, clear sky, wind north-east—Mornings and evenings sharp, snow on the distant hills, almond trees in blossom.

February.

From the 1st to the 25th fine weather, clear sky, mild and warm in the day, wind easterly, sharp and piercing in the evening. Snow on the distant hills, Almonds, peaches, and apricots in blossom.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- spirit deg. above Ice.
Feb.		
25	4	6
26	4	6
27	4	6
28	4	6
29	6	9
Mar.		
1	2½	5½
2	1½	4
3	2	5
4	4	7
5	6	9
6	6	9

Wind north-west, blows fresh, weather cold.

--- north-west, blows fresh, air sharp, fair weather.

--- east, weather cloudy—Evening, air sharp and frosty,

--- north, air cold, weather cloudy---Afternoon, wind south, mizzling rain.

--- north, air cold---Afternoon, wind south-east, mizzling rain

At night, heavy rain.

--- south-west, air sharp---Afternoon, wind south, blows fresh.

--- south east, weather calm and cloudy.

--- north by west, weather raw and cloudy---Afternoon, rain

Much rain in the night.

--- south, weather calm and cloudy.

--- south-east, weather fair and calm.

--- east, weather fair and calm, air sharp.

7	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wind east, weather cloudy, some rain, air cold, heavy rain in the night.
8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- north by east, rain and squalls, air cold and raw.
9	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- north-west, weather cloudy and calm—Hail in the night.
10	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- south-west, weather cloudy, gleams of sun-shine.
11	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- north north-east, fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, mercury and spirit rise.
12	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- north-east, fair weather, clear sky, mercury and spirit rise two degrees at noon.
13	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- north east, fair weather, clear sky, mercury and spirit rise two degrees at noon.
14	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- south-west, calm and cloudy,—Afternoon, clear sky—Evening, gusts of wind at east.
15	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	--- south-west, calm fair weather—Afternoon, mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
16	4	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- east, calm fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
17	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	--- north north-west, calm fair weather, clear sky—At noon, the mercury and spirit rise two degrees.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- spirit deg. above Ice.	
18	5½	8	Wind east, fair weather, clear sky, little wind—Afternoon, the mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
19	7	10	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, little wind — At noon, [210] mercury and spirit rise two degrees.
20	7	9	— south, south-east, rain, cloudy, calm.
21	6	8	— north, cloudy mizzling rain, cold and raw, snow upon the distant hill.
22	6½	9	— east, gleams of sun-shine.
23	7	10	— south-west, fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, cloudy—Heavy rain at night, some thunder, hills on each side of the Var covered with snow.
24	5	7½	— north, weather cloudy, and calm.
25	5½	7½	— north, cloudy, gleams of sun-shine, calm.
26	7	9½	— north-north-east, fair weather, sun warm.

27 Wind north-north-east, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy

8½

6½

27	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wind north-east, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
28	9	11	— easterly, a fresh breeze, fair weather —Afternoon cloudy —Evening, some rain.
29	8	10	— easterly, fair weather } remarkably clear sky, sun warm,
30	9	11	— east, fair weather } mercury and spirit rise three
31	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	— east, fair weather } degrees about noon.
Apr. 1	9	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	— south-east fair weather, eclipse of the sun, at 9 hour 25 min. ended at 12 hour 29 min. its breadth 9 digits, 46
2	9	11	— easterly, fair weather } 211] — easterly, fair weather } remarkably clear sky, sun hot.
3	9	10	— easterly, fair weather }
4	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather }
5	11	12	— easterly, fair weather.
6	12	13	— easterly, fair weather—Afternoon, calm and cloudy — At five, wind south, a fresh breeze, sprinkling drops of rain.
7	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	— easterly, almost calm, rainy weather.
8	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	— easterly, almost calm, rain.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day	Reaumur's thermom. of the month	Chateau- neuf's ther- mometer deg. above Ice.
9	8½	10½
10	7½	10
11	7	9
12	7	9
13	10	11½
14	10	11½
15	10½	12
16	10½	12

Wind southerly, cloudy weather, showers—Afternoon heavy rain, mercury and spirit fell 2 degrees, snow upon the distant hills.

—southerly, fair weather—Afternoon, blows fresh, air cold—
Heavy rain in the night, snow on the hills.

—northerly, heavy showers in the morning—At noon, blows
fresh, sky watery, snow on the hills.

—north-west, blows fresh, fair weather, sky watery.
—easterly, fair weather.

—westerly, blows fresh, fair weather, air sharp.
—easterly, blows fresh, fair weather, air sharp.

—easterly, fair weather, sky cloudy, little wind in the morn-
ing—At noon, squally, at south-south-west, blows hard
at night.

[2:2]

17	12	14	Wind south-west, blows fresh, fair weather, sky clear.— At noon, calm.— At five in the afternoon, sudden squalls, which continued at short intervals all night.
18	12½	15	— westerly, blows fresh, clear sky, warm.
19	12	13½	— westerly, blows fresh, clear sky, warm.
20	12½	13½	— southerly, clear sky, warm, little wind—Orange harvest.
21	11½	13	— south-east, fair weather, sky a little cloudy, air sharp, little wind.
22	11	12½	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp, clear sky.
23	9	10½	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp, clear sky.
24	9½	11	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp, snow on the distant hills.
25	9½	11	— easterly, fair weather—Wind rises like the sea breeze in Jamaica, about nine in the morning, and subsides about four or five in the afternoon.
26	9½	11	— easterly, calm, cloudy—Ripe strawberries, wheat in the ear, rye seven or eight feet high.
27	9	10½	— northerly, blows fresh, air sharp—About noon sprinkling showers, dark, cloudy weather—Afternoon fair weather, wind easterly, snow on the distant hills.

[2¹ 3]

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom.	Chateau-neuf's thermometer deg. above Ice.	
28	8	10	Wind easterly, fair weather, air sharp — Strawberries in the market.
29	9	11	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp, clear sky.
30	8½	10½	— easterly, sky cloudy—Sprinkling rain at noon—Afternoon
May 1	9½	11	and evening, fair weather—Wheat in the ear.
2	10	11½	— easterly, fair weather, air warm, clear sky.
3	10½	11½	— easterly, fair mild weather, snow still upon the mountains, clear sky.
4	11	12	— south-west, fair weather—The mercury in the thermometer at four in the afternoon, risen to 14 — Clear sky —Ripe cherries.
5	11	13	— south-west, fair weather, sun warm, clear sky—Orange and lemon trees covered with blossoms.
			— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, mercury continues to rise.

6	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	Wind easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky—Some ripe figs.
7	14	14	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
8	14	14	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
9	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
10	14	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	— south-east, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
11	13	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky.
12	13	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, sky a little cloudy.
13	13	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
14	14	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, cloudy, some drops of rain.
15	14	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, sky cloudy.
16	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, sky cloudy—Afternoon, some drops of rain.
17	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	— easterly, rain all day—Heavy showers in the night.
18	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	— south-west, cloudy—Rain in the night.
19	12	13	— easterly, cloudy.
20	12	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, sky cloudy, olive trees in blossom.
21	12	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, sky cloudy.
22	13	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, the mercury rose 16, spirit to 17.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day	Reaumur's thermom. of the merc. deg. month above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	
23	14	15	Wind easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
24	15½	16	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
25	16	16½	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot—Plump shower at seven in the evening.
26	17	17	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
27	17	17½	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot—In the after- noon, the mercury and spirit up at 20 degrees, being the heat of silk worms.
28	17	17½	— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot—Afternoon, cloudy.
29	17	17½	— easterly, fair weather—Evening, cloudy—Silk worms weaving.
30	17	17½	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
31	17	17	— easterly, fair weather—At noon, a little rain.

June

1	16	16 $\frac{1}{4}$	Wind easterly, fair weather — Afternoon, wind southerly, $\frac{1}{2}$ fresh gale.
2	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	— easterly, fair weather—Season for winding the cocoons of silk.
3	15	15	— easterly, plump shower at four in the morning—Forenoon fair weather.
4	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather—Evening cloudy.
5	15	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	— southerly, sky cloudy—Afternoon, sprinkling rain.
6	14 $\frac{3}{4}$	15	— easterly, fair weather.
7	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	— easterly, fair weather.
8	14	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather.
9	14 $\frac{3}{4}$	15	— easterly, fair weather — Pears and plums in the market.
10	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	— easterly, fair weather.
11	16 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather.
12	17	17	— easterly, fair weather—Corn ripe.
13	17	17	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot
14	19	19	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot } refreshing breezes.
15	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot
16	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot—Ripe figs and apricots.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the mon.	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	
17	18	18	Wind easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
18	19 $\frac{3}{4}$	19	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot, vermin troublesome.
19	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	19	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot—Removed to a country- house within half a league of Nice
20	20	20	--- easterly, fair weather, the two thermometers in the shade, 12-8 the front of the house, exposed to the east and south-east.
21	21	21	--- easterly, sky cloudy, sun hot.
22	23	23 $\frac{1}{4}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
23	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{4}$	--- easterly, fair weather, great heat.
24	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{4}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
25	23	22	--- easterly, fair weather, a little cloudy, sun hot, refreshing breeze.
26	22	21	--- easterly, fair weather, refreshing breeze.
27	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	21	--- easterly, fair weather, refreshing breeze.

28	22½	21½	Wind easterly, fair weather, refreshing breeze.
29	24½	24	— easterly, fresh gale—At three in the afternoon the mercury up at 29½, the spirit at 29, heat excessive.
30	22	21½	— easterly, fair, weather, sun very hot, returned to my house at Nice.
Jul. 1	21½	21	— easterly, fair weather } warm.
2	22	21½	— easterly, fair weather }
3	22½	21½	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot—Afternoon, plump showers, mercury fallen to 18, spirit to 18—Rain in the night.
4	19	19	— northerly, cloudy—Evening showers.
5	18	18	— easterly, fair weather—Season for the anchovy fishery.
6	18	18	— easterly, fair weather.
7	19	19	— easterly, fair weather.
8	18½	18	— easterly, fair weather—In the evening, sprinkling rain.
9	19	18½	— northerly, cloudy.
10	19½	19	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot—At night a little sprinkling rain.
11	20	19½	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
12	19	19	— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day	Reaumur's thermom.	Chateau- neuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.
13	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
16	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	19	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
19	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	20	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	21	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
22	22	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
23	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	22	21

Wind south, fair weather, at noon mercury rose to 24 $\frac{1}{2}$.
 --- westerly, fair weather, sun hot—Ripe peaches, and apples.
 --- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
 --- southerly, fair weather, sun hot.
 --- easterly, sun hot.
 --- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
 --- easterly, sky a little cloudy.
 --- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
 --- easterly, fair weather, sun very hot, ripe water melons
 from Antibes.
 --- easterly, fair weather, very hot.
 --- easterly, fair weather, very hot—Thunder in the night.
 --- easterly, fair weather, refreshing breezes—At two in the
 afternoon the mercury rose to 26 $\frac{1}{2}$.

25	24	23	Wind easterly, fair weather, sun very hot.
26	23	22	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
27	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	21	--- easterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind westerly.
28	23	22	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
29	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sultry.
30	23	22	--- easterly, fair weather, sun very hot, ripe grapes. — The
			mercury rose at one to 26, the spirit to 25.
31	23	22	--- easterly, cloudy—Sprinkling showers at noon.
Au. 1	22	21	--- easterly, fair weather—Some thunder in the afternoon.
2	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	22	--- south-west, a fresh breeze, fair weather — Afternoon, 221
			wind increases, sultry hot, the mercury and spirit in the]
			thermometer rose to 31.
3	23	22	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
4	22	21	--- easterly, fair weather.
5	21	20	--- easterly, fair weather.
6	21	20	--- easterly, fair weather.
7	21	20	--- southerly, fair weather, a fresh breeze.
8	21	20	--- southerly, fresh breeze, cloudy weather—Hard gale in the
			south-west.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- m. spirit deg. above Ice.	
9	22	21	Wind south-west, a fresh breeze.
10	22	21	— easterly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
11	21	20	— north-west, cloudy—Forenoon, mizzling rain—Squall in the evening.
12	21	20	— west, fair weather.
13	21	20	— east, fair weather.
14	21	20	— east, fair weather.
15	20	19	— east, fair weather.
16	20	19	— east, fair weather—Noon, weather cloudy, wind north-west.
17	20	19	— east, fair weather.
18	20	19	— east, fair weather.
19	19	18	— easterly, cloudy—At noon, a sudden squall, with a little rain, wind south-west, snow on the distant hills.
20	19	18	— easterly fair weather.

21	18	Wind westerly, fair weather.
22	19	--- easterly fair weather.
23	19	--- easterly, fair weather.
24	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
25	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather — In the evening, close and cloudy.
26	20	--- easterly, fair weather—Evening cloudy.
27	20	--- easterly, fair weather—Evening close and cloudy.
28	20	--- easterly, fair weather—Evening cloudy.
L 29	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather.
4	21	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
30	21	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
31	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
Sep. 1	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
2	21	--- easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
3	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fresh breeze, cloudy—Afternoon, sprinkling rain
4	20	--- — In the night, thunder and lightning.
5	21	--- north-east — Morning, thunder showers—Forenoon, fair weather.
	21	--- easterly—Morning, some clouds—Afternoon, wind westerly, cloudy.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- mit deg. above Ice.
6	20½	20
7	19	18
8	20	19
9	19½	19
10	19	19
11	20	19½
12	20½	20
13	21	20½
14	20	19
15	20	19
16	20	19

— easterly, morning some clouds—Afternoon, fair weather.

— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.

— easterly, fair weather.

— easterly, fair weather.

— southerly, fair weather—Afternoon, easterly wind, evening
cloudy.

— easterly, fair weather.

— easterly, fair weather.

— easterly, fair weather.

— easterly, cloudy—At noon, some rain, wind westerly—in
the night, some rain and thunder.

— southerly, fair weather.

— westerly, fair weather.

[12 12 4]

17	19	18	Wind
18	17	17	wine 19, rain.
19	15½	15½	easterly, fair weather.
20	15	15	easterly, cloudy.
21	14½	15	easterly, fair weather.
22	15	15	easterly, cloudy.
23	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
24	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
25	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
26	15	15	easterly, very high, fair weather
27	14	14½	easterly, fair weather.
28	15	15	westerly, fair weather.
29	13	13½	westerly, fair weather.
30	9	10	westerly, rain.
Oct. 1	8	9½	easterly, fair weather, snow upon the mountains.
2	9	10	easterly, fair weather—Afternoon westerly wind, very high.
3	11	11	westerly, fair weather.
4	12	12	westerly, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day	Reaumur's thermom.	Chateau-neuf's therm. spirit deg. above Ice.	Wind
5	11	13	Wind southerly, cloudy weather.
6	13½	14	— easterly, fair weather.
7	13½	14	— southerly, fair weather.
8	13	14	— southerly, cloudy—Afternoon small rain, vintage begun.
9	15	15	— southerly, fair weather.
10	15	15	— easterly, fair weather—Afternoon cloudy, some drops of rain.
11	14	14	— easterly, fair weather.
12	15	15	— westerly, fair weather.
13	14½	14	— westerly, cloudy—Afternoon, south wind—Night, rain, south wind, very high.
14	13	14	— south, cloudy.
15	12½	13	— southerly, rain.
16	12	13	— westerly, cloudy.

17	12	13	Wind westerly, cloudy.
18	13	14	— easterly, fair weather.
19	12	14½	— easterly, fair weather.
20	12½	13	— easterly, fair weather.
21	12½	13	— easterly, fair weather.
22	13½	14	— easterly, fair weather.
23	12½	15	— westerly, fair weather—Afternoon, mercury 11½, heavy
			rain, northerly wind.
24	8	9½	— northerly, cloudy.
25	8	10	— northerly, clear sky, sharp air.
26	10½	11	— northerly, clear sky.
27	7	8	— northerly, sky cloudy, air cold.
28	5½	7	— north-east, sky cloudy, air cold.
29	7½	9	— north-east, sky clear, air very sharp.
30	5	7	— north, sky clear, air very sharp.
31	5½	7½	— east, sky cloudy, air sharp, oil harvest begins.
Nov.			
1	5	7	— north, sky cloudy, air cold.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- m. deg. above Ice	Wind
2	8	10	Wind north-east, fair weather, sun warm,
3	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, fair weather, clear sky, sun warm. } little wind.
4	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, fair weather, clear sky, sun warm.
5	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	--- north, fair weather, sun warm.
6	9	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Little wind, east, fair weather, sun warm.
7	7	9	Wind west, blows fresh, sky cloudy.
8	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, fair weather, sun warm.
9	7	9	--- east, cloudy in the forenoon—Afternoon fair weather.
10	7	9	--- north, cloudy.
11	7	9	--- east, fair weather.
12	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	--- east, cloudy.
13	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- east, fine weather—Squalls of wind at night.
14	8	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north-east, fine weather.
15	7	9	--- north, fair weather, afternoon cloudy.

16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	Wind north, mizzling rain—Heavy rain all night.
17	4	6	--- north-west—Rain all day and in the night. Snow on the mountains.
18	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	--- east, blows fresh, cloudy, with showers—Heavy rain in the night.
19	6	8	--- north-west, cloudy, with showers—At night heavy rain.
20	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	--- north-west, cloudy, showers—Heavy rain in the night.
21	5	7	--- north-west, cloudy.
22	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- westerly, cloudy — Afternoon, fair weather — Evening overcast.
23	4	5	--- westerly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening rain.
24	3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly—Heavy rain all day and all night.
25	3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, heavy rain all day, snow on the mountains.
26	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	--- north, showers, interspersed with gleams of sunshine—Heavy rain in the night.
27	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	--- easterly, heavy showers—Afternoon, fair weather.
28	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- easterly, fair weather, clear sky.
29	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	--- north-west, cloudy.
30	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, fair weather, clear sky.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- spirit deg. above Ice.	Wind	Weather
Dec.				
1	4	6	Wind east,	fair weather, clear sky.
2	2½	4	— north,	fair weather, clear sky.
3	3	5	— north,	cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather, clear sky.
4	3	4½	— north,	fair weather, clear sky, air sharp.
5	2½	4½	— north,	fair weather, clear sky, air sharp.
6	3	5	— north,	cloudy, high wind in the night.
7	3	5	— east,	squalls and rain—Afternoon, windy.
8	2½	4	— north-west,	clear weather.
9	3	5	— north,	clear weather.
10	3	5	— north,	fair weather.
11	2	5	— west,	rain in the forenoon—Afternoon fair weather.
12	2	4	— north,	fair weather, air sharp.
13	2½	5	— north,	fair weather.

14	2	5	Wind north, fair weather.
15	2	5	--- north-east, cloudy—Evening some rain.
16	2	5	--- north-east, heavy rain and thunder at three in the morning—Forenoon cloudy.
17	2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north-west, fair weather, air cold.
18	2	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north, fair weather, air cold.
19	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	--- northerly, cloudy, air sharp.
20	1	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north-east, mizzling rain.
21	1	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- north-east, mizzling rain.
22	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	--- north-west, weather damp and cloudy.
23	1	4	--- easterly, cloudy, damp weather—Rain in the night.
24	1	4	--- northerly, cloudy, damp weather.
25	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	--- easterly, cloudy, damp weather—Heavy rain in the night.
26	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	--- northerly, cloudy, damp weather—Heavy rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- northerly, fair weather.
28	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- northerly, cloudy.
29	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	--- northerly, cloudy—Mizzling rain in the evening.
30	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	5	--- easterly—Forenoon, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- spirit deg. above Ice.	
31 1765 Jan 1	2	5	Wind easterly, cloudy weather.
2	2½	5½	--- northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, mizzling rain.
3	3	6	--- easterly, cloudy weather—Rain at noon—Heavy rain all the afternoon and night.
4	4	6	--- south-east, cloudy—Heavy rain, with some thunder in the afternoon and evening.
5	2½	5	--- north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
6	2	4½	--- north, fair weather.
7	2	4½	--- north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
8	2	5	--- north, cloudy—sprinkling shower at one in the afternoon.
9	2½	5½	--- north, heavy rain at four in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy—Mizzling rain at noon.
	2	5	--- east, rain in the morning and forenoon.

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Gloms of sunfine in the afternoon.

10	2 1/2	5 1/2	Wind east, cloudy weather—Gleams of sunshine in the afternoon.
11	3	5 1/2	— north-west, cloudy weather—Mizzling rain in the afternoon.
12	2	5	— easterly, clear weather.
13	3	5 1/2	— easterly, cloudy, with gleams of sunshine.
14	3	5 1/2	— easterly, heavy rain, with squalls at three in the morning— Forenoon, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, heavy continued rain.
15	2 1/2	5	— easterly, fair weather.
16	3	5 1/2	— north, fair weather—At night, mizzling showers.
17	3	5 1/2	— east, cloudy weather—Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
18	3	5 1/2	— north, cloudy weather.
19	3	5 1/2	— north, fair weather, } air sharp.
20	3	5 1/2	— north, fair weather, }
21	2 1/2	5	— north, fair weather,
22	3	5 1/2	— easterly, blows fresh and cold, cloudy weather.
23	2	4 1/2	— northerly, heavy rain.

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 } great fall of
 } snow on the
 } mountains.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- spirit deg. bove Ice.
24	2	4½
25	1½	4
26	1½	4
27	3	5
28	3	5
29	3	5½
30	4	6
31	4	6
Feb.		
1	3	5
2	1½	4
3	1	3½

Wind northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon rain.

— east, rainy weather—Evening fair.

— north-east, blows fresh, heavy rain.

— easterly, fair weather.

— north, fair weather in the forenoon — Cloudy in the af-
ternoon.

— north, fair weather.

— east, fair weather.

— east, cloudy—Afternoon, mizzling rain.

— north-west, mizzling rain, full of snow on the neigh-
bouring mountains.

— north, cloudy.

— easterly, cloudy and cold.

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Wind easterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon rain.

4	$\frac{1}{2}$	Wind easterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon rain.
5	0	— north, morning squally, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
6	0	— north, fair weather—Evening rain, heavy rain in the night.
7	$\frac{1}{2}$	— north, cloudy, with gleams of sunshine.
8	$\frac{1}{2}$	— north, fair weather.
9	1	— north, cloudy—Atternoon, clear,
10	1	— north, cloudy, a sprinkling rain.
11	$\frac{1}{2}$	— north-west, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
12	$\frac{1}{2}$	— north-west, fair weather.
13	1	— north, fair weather.
14	1	— south-east, cloudy—Evening, sprinkling rain.
15	0	— east, cloudy and cold—Snow on the neighbouring hills.
16	1 deg. bel. ice	— north, dark and cold, with some sleet—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
17	3—	— north—Morning, clear weather, air cold—Afternoon, overcast, rain and sleet—Heavy rain in the night—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
18	3—	— north, cloudy, cold.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- mit deg. above Ice.	
19	2	2	Wind north, cloudy, cold — Afternoon, evening, and night, heavy rain.
20	2	2	— northerly, heavy rain—Afternoon, fair.
21	2	2	— northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon clear.
22	0	4	— northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon and night, heavy rain with some thunder.
23	0	3½	— northerly, cloudy, } Evenings, fog on the mountains.
24	1½	3½	— north-east, clear weather,
25	1	5	— north-east, fine weather,
26	2½	5½	— north-east, fine weather,
26	3	6	— easterly, fine weather—Afternoon, cloudy—Rain all night.
28	3	5½	— easterly, rain all day and all night, with some thunder.
Mar. 1	2	4½	— southerly, rain.

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2	1 1/2	4 1/2	Wind northerly, fair weather, air sharp.
3	3 1/2	5	— north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
4	2 1/2	4	— north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
5	3	5 1/2	— north-east, fair weather—A little rain in the night.
6	3	5	— easterly, mizzling rain.
7	3 1/2	5 1/2	— north-west, rain, and cloudy weather.
8	3 1/2	6	— easterly, cloudy weather in the morning, clears up at noon.
9	4 1/2	7	— westerly, fair weather—Afternoon, showers—Heavy rain in the night.
10	4	6	— north-west, heavy rain all day.
11	3	5 1/2	— north-west, blows fresh, clear weather.
12	3 1/2	6 1/2	— north-west, blows fresh, cloudy—Rain in the night.
13	4	6	— southerly, rainy weather.
14	4	6	— southerly, fair weather.
15	5	7	— southerly, cloudy weather.
16	5	7 1/2	— easterly, fair weather.
17	6 1/2	8	— easterly, clouds and sunshine.
18	7	9	— easterly, fair weather—Afternoon, overcast.
19	7 1/2	9 1/2	— easterly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. of the merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau- neuf's ther- momet. deg. above Ice.	
20	7	9	Wind easterly, cloudy—Afternoon, a little rain.
21	7	9	— north-east, cloudy.
22	7	9	— easterly, fair weather.
23	7	9	— easterly, fair weather.
24	8	10	— easterly, clouds and sunshine.
25	8	10	— easterly, cloudy.
26	8	10	— easterly, fair weather.
27	8	10	— easterly, clouds and sunshine.
28	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	— easterly, air weather.
29	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	— easterly, fair weather—Evening, high wind at west.
30	9	11	— westerly, blows fresh.
31	9	11	— northerly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
Apr. 1			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.

2	Wind easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
3	— easterly, cloudy, air sharp.
4	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
5	— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
6	— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
7	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
8	— south-east, fair weather, a fresh breeze, air cold.
9	— easterly, fair weather.
10	— easterly, fresh breeze, fair weather—Evening, high wind at south-west.
11	— south-west, fresh breeze, fair weather.
12	— southerly, fresh breeze, fair weather.
13	— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
14	— easterly, cloudy weather.
15	— easterly, fair weather.
16	— easterly, fair weather.
17	— easterly, cloudy and cold Afternoon, sprinkling rain— A fall of snow in the night upon the mountains.
18	— easterly, fair weather, air cold.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month. Reaumur's thermom. Chateau-neuf's thermom. spirit deg. above Ice.

19
20
21
22
23
24



Wind easterly, fair weather, air sharp.

--- easterly showers.

--- easterly, sprinkling showers.

--- easterly, at five in the morning a storm of thunder, hail, and heavy rain—A fall of snow on the mountains.

--- easterly, at four in the morning rain—Forenoon cloudy.

--- easterly, rain in the morning—Forenoon cloudy.

. F I N I S .